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The

W O R K S

of

SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the ſeventh:

containing,

Richard III;
Henry VIII;
Coriolanus.

LONDON:
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RICHARD III.

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Perſons repreſented.

King Edward *the fourth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards King;*
and Richard, *Duke of* York, *his Sons:*
Richard, *Duke of* Gloſter, *afterwards King;*
and George, *Duke of* Clarence, *his Brothers:*
a young Son of Clarence.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards King.*
Earl Rivers, *Brother to* Edward*'s Queen:*
Marquiſs of Dorſet, *and Lord* Grey, *her Sons.*
Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Archbiſhop of York. *Biſhop of* Ely.
Duke of Buckingham. *Duke of* Norfolk: *Earl of* Surrey, *his Son.*
Earl of Oxford. *Lord* Haſtings. *Lord* Stanley. *Lord* Lovel.
Sir Richard Ratcliff. *Sir* Wm. Catesby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.
Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* James Blunt. *Sir* Walter Herbert.
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Mayor, and three Citizens, of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltſhire.
Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt. another Prieſt.*
a Page. a Scrivener. a Purſuivant. two Gentlemen.
ſix Meſſengers, and two Murtherers.

Margaret, Henry *the ſixth's Widow.*
Elizabeth, *Queen to* Edward *the fourth:*
Dutcheſs of York, *his Mother.*
Lady Anne, *afterwards Dutcheſs of* Gloſter, *and Queen.*
an infant Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants. Citizens, Soldiers, &c.

Scene, England; *diſperſedly.*

RICHARD III.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter RICHARD.

Ric. Now is the winter of our diſcontent
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of *York*;
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean bury'd:
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures:
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkl'd front;
And now,— inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I,— that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glaſs;
I, that am rudely ſtamp'd, and want love's majeſty,

To ſtrut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; —
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, — ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-ſpoken days, —
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of these days.
Plots have I lay'd, inductions dangerous,
By drunken propheſies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother *Clarence*, and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other:
And, if king *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe, and treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up;
About a propheſy, which ſays — that G
Of *Edward*'s heirs the murtherer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul; here *Clarence* comes.

Enter CLARENCE; BRAKENBURY, *and a Guard, with him.*

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

CLA. His majeſty,
Tend'ring my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the tower.

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6 unfaſhionable

Ric. Upon what cauſe?
Cla. Because my name is—*George.*
Ric. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He ſhould, for that, commit your godfathers:—
Belike, his majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhall be new-chriſten'd in the tower.
But what's the matter, *Clarence?* may I know?
Cla. Yea, *Richard,* when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after propheſies, and dreams;
And from the croſs-row plucks the letter *G,*
And ſays—a wizard told him, that by *G*
His iſſue diſ-inherited ſhould be;
And, for my name of *George* begins with *G,*
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highneſs to commit me now.
Ric. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that ſends you to the tower;
My lady *Grey* his wife, *Clarence,* 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.
Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him ſend lord *Haſtings* to the tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not ſafe, *Clarence,* we are not ſafe.
Cla. By heaven, I think, there's no man is ſecure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and miſtreſs *Shore.*
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his delivery?
Ric. Humbly complaining to her deity

Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our brother dub'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.
  Bra. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me;
His majeſty hath ſtraitly given in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with his brother.
  Ric. Even ſo? an please your worſhip, *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man;—We ſay, the king
Is wiſe, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well ſtrook in years, yet fair ſtill, and not jealous:
We ſay, that *Shore*'s wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue;
That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
How ſay you, ſir? can you deny all this?
  Bra. With this, my lord, myſelf have nought to do.
  Ric. Naught to do with miſtreſs *Shore?* I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
'Twere beſt he do it ſecretly.
  Bra. What one, my lord? [ha?
  Ric. Her husband, knave: Would'ſt thou betray me?
  Bra. I beſeech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
  Cla. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.
  Ric. We are the queen's abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother, farewel: I will unto the king;

18 Lip, a bonny Eye, a   19 And that   25 ſecretly alone.

And whatſoever you'll employ me in,—
Were it, to call king *Edward*'s widow — ſiſter,—
I will perform it, to enfranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
CLA. I know, it pleaſeth neither of us well.
RIC. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long;
I will deliver you, or elſe lye for you:
Mean time, have patience.
CLA. I muſt perforce; farewel.
[*Exeunt* CLA. BRA. *and Guard.*
RIC. Go, tread the path that thou ſhalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain *Clarence!* — I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heaven,
If heaven will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Haſtings?*

Enter HASTINGS.

HAS. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!
RIC. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
HAS. With patience, noble lord, as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
RIC. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.
HAS. More pity, that the eagle ſhould be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
RIC. What news abroad?
HAS. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,

And his phyſicians fear him mightily.
Ric. Now, by ſaint *Paul*, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?
Has. He is.
Ric. Go you before. and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With lies well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in.
For then I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngeſt daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is — to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breaths; *Edward* ſtill lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains.
[*Exit* Richard.

SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Street.*
Enter the Corpſe of Henry *the ſixth, born in an open Coffin, and ſlenderly attended: Gentlemen, bearing*

Halberds, with it; *and Lady* ANNE,
as Mourner.

ANN. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,—
If honour may be ſhrouded in a hearſe,—
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaſter.*—
[*Bearers ſet down the Coffin.*
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood,
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stab'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made these wounds.
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes:—
O, curſed be the hand, that made these holes!
Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Curſed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, towards *Chertſey* with your holy load,

Taken from *Paul*'s to be interred there;
And, ſtill as you are weary of the weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament king *Henry*'s corſe.

Bearers take up the Corpſe, and move forward:
Enter RICHARD.

RIC. Stay, you that bear the corſe, and ſet it down.

ANN. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?

RIC. Villains, ſet down the corſe; or, by ſaint *Paul*,
I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.

1. *G.* My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.

RIC. Unmanner'd dog, ſtand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breaſt,
Or, by ſaint *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
[*Corpſe ſet down.*

ANN. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avant, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou hadſt but power over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have; therefore, be gone.

RIC. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.

ANN. Foul devil, for God's ſake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this † pattern of thy butcheries: —
O, gentlemen, ſee, ſee! dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh! —
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge moſt unnatural. —
O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning ſtrike the murtherer dead;
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Ric. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.
Ann. Villain, thou know'ſt no law of God nor man;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Ric. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
Ann. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Ric. More wonderful, when angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed evils, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.
Ann. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.
Ric. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.
Ann. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf.
Ric. By ſuch deſpair, I ſhould accuſe myſelf.
Ann. And, by deſpairing, ſhalt thou ſtand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf,
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Ric. Say, that I ſlew them not?

Ann. Then ſay, they were not ſlain:
But dead they are, and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Ric. I did not kill your husband.
Ann. Why, then he is alive.
Ric. Nay, he is dead; and ſlain by *Edward*'s hand.
Ann. In thy foul throat thou ly'ſt; queen *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous faulchion ſmoaking in his blood;
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.
Ric. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
Which lay'd their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Ann. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on ought but butcheries:
Didſt thou not kill this † king?
Ric. I grant ye.
Ann. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Ric. The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.
Ann. He is in heaven, where thou ſhalt never come.
Ric. Let him thank me, that holp to ſend him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.
Ann. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.
Ric. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Ann. Some dungeon.
Ric. Your bed-chamber.
Ann. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou ly'ſt!
Ric. So will it, madam, 'till I lye with you.
Ann. I hope ſo.
Ric. I know ſo. But, gentle lady *Anne*,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeleſs deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry*, and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?
Ann. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurſ'd effect.
Ric. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Ann. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Ric. These eyes could not endure that beauty's [wreck,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Ann. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death thy [life!
Ric. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.
Ann. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Ric. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Ann. It is a quarrel juſt and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Ric. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Ann. His better doth not breath upon the earth.
Ric. He lives, that loves you better than he could.
Ann. Name him.
Ric. *Plantagenet*.
Ann. Why, that was he.
Ric. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Ann. Where is he?

Ric. Here: [*ſhe ſpits at him.*] Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
Ann. 'Would it were mortal poiſon, for thy ſake!
Ric. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Ann. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Ric. Thine eyes, ſweet lady, have infected mine.
Ann. 'Would they were baſiliſks, to ſtrike thee dead!
Ric. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears,
Sham'd their aſpécts with ſtore of childiſh drops:
These eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,—
Not, when my father *York* and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made,
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death;
And twenty times made pauſe, to ſob, and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear;
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſu'd to friend, nor enemy,
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.
[*ſhe looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn; for it was made
For kiſſing, lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
[*kneels, and gives his Sword.*

Lo, here I lend thee this † ſharp-pointed ſword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked † to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king *Henry*; —
[*ſhe offers at his Breaſt.*
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch; 'twas I, that ſtab'd young *Edward*; —
[*offers at it again.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that ſet me on.
[*throws away the Sword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.

Ann. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Ric. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.

Ann. I have already.

Ric. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

Ann. I would, I knew thy heart.

Ric. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Ann. I fear me, both are falſe.

Ric. Then never man was true.

Ann. Well, well, put up your ſword.

Ric. Say then, my peace is made.

Ann. That ſhall you know hereafter.

Ric. But ſhall I live in hope?

Ann. All men, I hope, live ſo.

Ric. Vouchſafe to wear this † ring.

Ann. To take is not to give.
Ric. Look, how this ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
[*putting it on.*
Even ſo thy breaſt encloſeth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſervant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.
Ann. What is it?
Ric. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repair to *Croſby*-place:
Where — after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey* monaſt'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty ſee you:
For divers unknown reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this boon.
Ann. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.—
Treſſel, and *Berkley*, go along with me.
Ric. Bid me farewel.
Ann. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But, ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewel already.
[*Exeunt Lady* Anne, *and two Gen.*
Ric. Take up the corſe, ſirs.
2. *G.* Towards *Chertſey*, noble lord?
Ric. No, to *White-friars*; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the reſt, with the Corpſe.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

27 Sirs take up the corſe

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extreameſt hate;
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by;
With God, her conſcience, and these bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury?*
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and (no doubt) right royal,—
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That crop'd the golden prime of this ſweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals *Edward*'s moiety?
On me, that halt, and am unſhapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs;
And entertain a ſcore or two of taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.
But, firſt, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;

And then re-turn lamenting to my love. —
Shine out, fair ſun, 'till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Queen, *Lord* GREY *her Son, and Lord* RIVERS *her Brother.*

RIV. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.
GRE. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe:
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Que. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
GRE. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a lord.
Que. The loſs of ſuch a lord includes all harms.
GRE. The heavens have bleſſ'd you with a goodly ſon,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.
Que. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
RIV. Is it concluded, he ſhall be protector?
Que. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the king miſcarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* STANLEY.

GRE. Here come the lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.
BUC. Good time of day unto your royal grace!
STA. God make your majeſty joyful as you have been!
Que. The counteſs *Richmond*, good my lord of *Stanley*,
To your good prayer will ſcarcely ſay — amen.
Yet, *Stanley*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, aſſur'd,

25 v. *Note.*

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
  Sta. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers;
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.
  Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of *Stanley?*
  Sta. But now the duke of *Buckingham*, and I,
Are come from visiting his majeſty.
  Que. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?
  Buc. Madam, good hope; his grace ſpeaks chearfully.
  Que. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?
  Buc. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of *Gloſter* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his royal presence.
  Que. 'Would, all were well! But that will never be;
I fear, our happineſs is at the height.

Enter RICHARD; HASTINGS, *and*
DORSET, *with him.*

  Ric. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and ſpeak fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with *French* nods and apiſh courteſy,
I muſt be held a ranc'rous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating *Jacks?*

GRE. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your grace?
RIC. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh!—
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Que. Brother of *Gloſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The king—of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf,
Againſt my children, brothers, and myſelf,—
Hath ſent for you; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill will, and ſo remove it.
RIC. I cannot tell;—The world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a *Jack.*
Que. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother [*Gloſter;*
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!
RIC. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myſelf diſgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.
Que. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his majeſty

[15] Makes him to ſend, that [16] and to

Againſt the duke of *Clarence*, but have been
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in these vile ſuſpects.
Ric. You may deny too, that you were the cauſe
Of my lord *Haſtings'* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for —
Ric. She may, lord *Rivers?* why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, ſir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not? She may,—ay, marry, may ſhe,
Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?
Ric. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a king,
A batchelor, a handſome ſtripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worſer match.
Que. My lord of *Gloſter*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majeſty,
With thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at:
Enter Queen MARGARET, *at a Diſtance.*
Small joy have I in being *England*'s queen.
Q. M. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech thee!
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat, is due to me.
Ric. What threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and ſpare not; look, what I have ſaid
I will avouch in preſence of the king:
I dare adventure to be ſent to the tower.

5 were not the

'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. M. Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my husband *Henry* in the tower,
And *Edward*, my poor ſon, at *Tewksbury*.
Ric. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I ſpilt mine own.
Q. M. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Ric. In all which time, you, and your husband *Grey*,
Were factious for the houſe of *Lancaſter*; —
And, *Rivers*, ſo were you: — Was not your husband
In *Margaret*'s battle at Saint *Alban*'s ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. M. A murd'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Ric. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf,—Which *Jesu* pardon!—
Q. M. Which God revenge!
Ric. To fight on *Edward*'s party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward*'s,
Or *Edward*'s ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.
Q. M. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou cacadæmon; there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of *Gloſter*, in thoſe busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our ſovereign king;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.

Ric. If I ſhould be? — I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Que. As little joy, my lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient. — [*advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pyrates, that fall out
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels? —
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away.
Ric. Foul wrinkl'd witch, what mak'ſt thou in my [ſight?
Q. M. But repetition of what thou haſt mar'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Ric. Wert thou not baniſhed, on pain of death;
Q. M. I was; but I do find more pain in baniſhment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a ſon, thou ow'ſt to me, —
And thou, a kingdom; — all of you, allegiance:
This ſorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleaſures you usurp, are mine.
Ric. The curſe my noble father lay'd on thee, —
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty *Rutland*; —
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Que. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.
Has. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed, to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs, that ere was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.
Buc. *Northumberland,* then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q. M. What, were you ſnarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread curſe prevail ſo much with heaven,
That *Henry*'s death, my lovely *Edward*'s death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes.—
Though not by war, by ſurfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king!
Edward thy ſon, that now is prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my ſon, that was prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live, to wail thy children's loſs;
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor *England*'s queen!—
Rivers,—and *Dorſet*—you were ſtanders-by,—
And ſo waſt thou, lord *Haſtings*,—when my ſon
Was ſtab'd with bloody daggers; God I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!
Ric. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. M. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding those that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it 'till thy ſins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
The ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou deteſted—
Ric. *Margaret.*
Q. M. *Richard!*
Ric. Ha?
Q. M. I call thee not.
Ric. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadſt call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curſe.
Ric. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—*Margaret.* [ſelf.
Que. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt your-

Q. M. Poor painted queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottl'd ſpider,
Whose deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf.
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Has. Falſe-boding woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt, to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. M. Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my ſubjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.
Dor. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.
Q. M. Peace, maſter marqueſs, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miserable!
They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.
Ric. Good counſel, marry; — learn it, learn it, marqueſs.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Ric. Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.
Q. M. And turns the ſun to ſhade; — alas, alas! —
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whose bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt: —
O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;

As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo!
Buc. Peace, peace, for ſhame, if not for charity.
Q. M. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd:
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,—
And in that ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!
Buc. Have done, have done.
Q. M. O princely *Buckingham*, I kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of those that breath them in the air.
Q. M. I will not think but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, take heed of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Ric. What doth ſhe ſay, my lord of *Buckingham*?
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious lord.
Q. M. What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow;
And ſay, poor *Margaret* was a propheteſs.—
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit*.

Has. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine; I muse, why ſhe's at liberty.
Ric. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Que. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Ric. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains; —
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a chriſtian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.
Ric. So do I ever, being well advis'd; —
" For had I curſ'd now, I had curſ'd myſelf."*

Enter CATESBY.

Cat. Madam, his majeſty doth call for you, —
And for your grace, — and you, my noble lords.
Que. *Catesby*, I come: — Lords, will you go with me?
Riv. We wait upon your grace.
[*Exeunt All but* Richard.
Ric. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have caſt in darkneſs, —
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls;
Namely, to *Haſtings*, *Stanley*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them — 'tis the queen, and her allies,
That ſtir the king againſt the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and, withal, whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*:

But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them — that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I cloath my naked villany
With odd old ends, ſtoln forth of holy writ;
And ſeem a ſaint, when moſt I play the devil.

Enter two Murtherers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, ſtout, resolved mates?
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?

1. *M.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Ric. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*gives the Warrant.*
When you have done, repair to *Croſby*-place.
But, ſirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1. *M.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Ric. Your eyes drop mil-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads; about your buſineſs ſtraight;
Go, go, diſpatch.

1. *M.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter Clarence, *and* Brakenbury.

Bra. Why looks your grace ſo heavily to-day?

Cla. O, I have paſſ'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly ſights,

That, as I am a chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of diſmal terror was the time.
Bra. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell [me.
Cla. Methoughts, that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*;
And, in my company, my brother *Gloſter*:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of *York* and *Lancaſter*
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that *Gloſter* ſtumbl'd; and, in falling,
Strook me (that thought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of water in mine ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalu'd jewels,
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the ſea:
Some lay in dead men's ſculls; and, in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.
Bra. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deep?

Cla. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt: but ſtill the envious flood
Stop'd in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Bra. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?
Cla. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempeſt to my ſoul.
I paſſ'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that ſour ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night:
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*;
Who cry'd aloud, *What ſcourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſh'd: Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbl'd in blood; and he ſhriek'd out aloud,
Clarence *is come,—falſe, fleeting, perjur'd* Clarence,—
That ſtab'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment.
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noiſe,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.
Bra. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Cla. O, *Brakenbury*, I have done theſe things,—
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,—

For *Edward's* ſake ; and, ſee, how he requites me!
I pray thee, gentle keeper, ſtay by me;
[*retiring to a Chair.*
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Bra. I will, my lord; God give your grace good reſt! —
Sorrow breaks ſeaſons, and repoſing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murtherers.

1. *M.* Ho! who's here?

Bra. What would'ſt thou, fellow? and how cam'ſt thou hither?

1. *M.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

Bra. What, ſo brief?

2. *M.* O, ſir, it is better be brief than tedious: —
Shew him our commiſſion, talk no more.

[Brakenbury *receives a Paper, and reads it.*

Bra. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of *Clarence* to your hands: —
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
Here are ‡ the keys; there † ſits the duke aſleep:
I'll to the king; and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge.

1. *M.* You may, ſir; 'tis a point of wiſdom: Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2. *M.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps? [wakes.

1. *M.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly, when he

2. *M.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake 'till the judgment day.

1. *M.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2. *M.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1. *M.* What, art afraid?

2. *M.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1. *M.* I thought, thou hadſt been reſolute.

2. *M.* So I am, to let him live.

1. *M.* I'll back to the duke of *Gloſter*, and tell him ſo.

2. *M.* Nay, I pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this compaſſionate humour of mine will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. *M.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now? [me.

2. *M.* Some certain dregs of conſcience are yet within

1. *M.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2. *M.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1. *M.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2. *M.* In the duke of *Gloſter*'s purſe,

1. *M.* So, when he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2. *M.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1. *M.* What, if it come to thee again?

2. *M.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a

bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obſtacles: it made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1. *M.* 'Zouns, it is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the duke.

2. *M.* Shake the devil out of thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee, but to make thee ſigh.

1. *M.* I am ſtrong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. *M.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1. *M.* Take him over the coſtard with the hilts of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmsey-but in the next room.

2. *M.* O excellent device! and make a ſop of him.

1. *M.* Soft, he wakes. [Cla. *ſtirs.*

2. *M.* Strike.

1. *M.* No, we'll reason with him.

Cla. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1. *M.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Cla. In God's name, what art thou?

1. *M.* A man, as you are.

Cla. But not, as I am, royal.

1. *M.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. *M.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
2. *M.* To, to, to,—
Cla. To murther me?
1. 2. Ay, ay.
Cla. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1. *M.* Offended us you have not, but the king.
Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.
2. *M.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die,
Cla. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful queſt have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſs,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1. *M.* What we will do, we do upon command.
2. *M.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.
Cla. Erroneous vaſſal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murther; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2. *M.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou didſt receive the ſacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the houſe of *Lancaſter.*
1. M. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy ſovereign's ſon:
2. M. Whom thou waſt ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
1. M. How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch dear degree?
Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake:
He ſends you not to murther me for this;
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1. M. Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Cla. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1. M. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to ſlaughter thee.
Cla. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother *Gloſter*;
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2. M. You are deceiv'd, your brother *Gloſter* hates you.
Cla. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
1. M. Ay, ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our princely father *York*
Bleſſ'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid *Gloſter* think on this, and he will weep.
1. *M.* Ay, mil-ſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Cla. O, do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1. *M.* Right, as ſnow in harveſt. Come, you deceive [yourſelf;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Cla. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hug'd me in his arms, and ſwore, with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1. *M.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
2. *M.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.
Cla. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own ſoul ſo blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murd'ring me? —
Ah, ſirs, conſider, he, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2. *M.* What ſhall we do?
Cla. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
1. *M.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womaniſh.
Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, dev'liſh. —
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
1. *M.* Ay, thus, and thus; [*ſtabbing him.*] and, if this will not ſerve,
I'll drown you in the malmsey-but within.

2. *M.* A bloody deed, and deſp'rately diſpatch'd!
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous murther? [me not?
1. *M.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt
By heaven, the duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.
2. *M.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*
1. *M.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art. —
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
'Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Edward, *(led in, ſick) and his* Queen; Rivers, Dorset, Buckingham, Hastings, Grey, *and Others.*

K. E. Why ſo, now have I done a good day's work; —
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more at peace my ſoul ſhall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and *Haſtings*, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred, ſwear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand † I ſeal my true heart's love.

27 more to peace

Has. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!
K. E. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Leſt he, that is the ſupream King of kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Has. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!
Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart!
K. E. Madam, yourſelf are not exempt in this, —
Nor your ſon *Dorſet*, — *Buckingham*, nor you; —
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Que. There, † *Haſtings*; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!
K. E. *Dorſet*, embrace him; — *Haſtings*, love lord marquiſs.
Dor. This enterchange of love, I here proteſt,
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Has. And ſo ſwear I. [*they embrace.*
K. E. Now, princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buc. Whenever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*to the Que.*] but with all duteous love
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in those where I expect moſt love!
When I have moſt need to employ a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*embracing* Rivers, &c.
K. E. A pleaſing cordial, princely *Buckingham*,

Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Gloſter* here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.
Enter RICHARD.
Ric. Good morrow to my ſovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. E. Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day: —
Gloſter, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these ſwelling wrong-incenſed peers.
Ric. A bleſſed labour, my moſt ſovereign liege. —
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly born
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love. —
Firſt, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice; —
Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; —
Of you, lord *Rivers*, — and, lord *Grey*, of you,
That all without desert have frown'd on me; —
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that *Engliſhman* alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.
Que. A holy-day ſhall this be kept hereafter: —

I would to God, all ſtrifes were well compounded. —
My ſovereign lord, I do beſeech your highneſs
To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.
Ric. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*they all ſtart.*
You do him injury, to ſcorn his corſe.
K. E. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows, he is?
Que. All-ſeeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buc. Look I ſo pale, lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.
K. E. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reverſ'd.
Ric. But he, poor man, by your firſt order dy'd,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to ſee him buried: —
God grant, that ſome, leſs noble, and leſs loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worſe than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go current from ſuſpicion!
Enter STANLEY, *haſtily.*
Sta. A boon, my ſovereign, for my ſervice done!
K. E. I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.
Sta. I will not rise, unleſs your highneſs hear me.
K. E. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Sta. The forfeit, ſovereign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of *Norfolk*.
K. E. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſu'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be adviſ'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcu'd me,
And ſaid, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himſelf,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you:
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak, —
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. — The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once beg for his life: —
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this. —
Come, [*to* Haſt.] help me to my closet. — O poor *Clarence!*
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HAS. RIV. DOR. *and* Grey.
RIC. This is the fruit of raſhneſs! — Mark'd you not,

30 Come *Haſtings* helpe

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence'* death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company?
Buc. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.*

Enter the Dutcheſs of York; *and a* Son, *and* Daughter, *of* Clarence, *her Grand-children.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?
Dut. No, boy.
Dau. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry, O Clarence, *my unhappy ſon!*
Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?
Dut. My pretty cousins, you miſtake me both;
I do lament the ſickneſs of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow, to wail one that's loſt.
Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead:
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Dau. And ſo will I.
Dut. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle *Gloſter*
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pity'd me, and kindly kiſſ'd my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dut. Ah, that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice?
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble, grandam?

Dut. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter the Queen, *diſtractedly*; RIVERS, *and* DORSET, *after her.*

Que. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy.

Dut. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Que. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient ſubjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual reſt.

Dut. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Edward, and *Clarence*; O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries?
Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Dau. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept.
Que. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May bring forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord *Edward!*
Chi. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord *Clarence!*
Dut. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence!*
Que. What ſtay had I, but *Edward?* and he's gone.
Chi. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
Dut. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Que. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.
Chi. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.
Dut. Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas, I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcel'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe:
These babes for *Clarence* weep, and ſo do I;

I for an *Edward* weep, ſo do not they :—
Alas! you three, on me, threefold diſtreſſ'd,
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd — ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more, to be thus oppoſite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your ſon: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s throne.

Enter RICHARD, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, *and divers Others.*

Ric. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee you; Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſs thee; and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!
Ric. "Amen; and make me die a good old man!"
"That is the but-end of a mother's bleſſing;"
"I marvel, that her grace did leave it out."
Buc. You cloudy princes, and heart-ſorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love:

[1] weepe, and ſo do they [23] your grace.

Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this king,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preserv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that, with ſome little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our king.
Riv. Why with ſome little train, my lord of *Buckingham?*
Buc. Marry, my lord, leſt, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is yet ungovern'd:
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as please himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Ric. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm, and true, in me.
Has. And ſo in me; and ſo, I think, in all:
Yet, ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet but few ſhould fetch the prince.
Sta. And ſo ſay I.
Ric. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtraight ſhall poſt to *Ludlow*.
Madam, — and you my mother, — will you go
To give your cenſures in this weighty buſineſs?
Buc. " My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,"
" For God's ſake, let not us two ſtay at home:"

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13 is greene, and yet 20 v. *Note*. 25 meete ſo few

" For, by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,"
" As index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,"
" To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince."
Ric. " My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,"
" My oracle, my prophet! — my dear couſin,"
" I, as a child, will go by thy direction."
" Towards *Ludlow* then, for we'll not ſtay behind."
[*Exeunt*; Ric. *and* Buc. *laſt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1. *C.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away ſo faſt?
2. *C.* I promiſe you, I hardly know myſelf:
Hear you the news abroad?
1. *C.* Yes, that the king is dead.
2. *C.* Ill news, by'r lady; ſeldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. *C.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!
1. *C.* Give you good morrow, ſir. [death?
3. *C.* Doth the news hold of good king *Edward*'s
2. *C.* Ay, ſir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3. *C.* Then, maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.
1. *C.* No, no; by God's good grace, his ſon ſhall reign.
3. *C.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!
2. *C.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, counſel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt, ſhall then, and 'till then, govern well.
1. *C.* So ſtood the ſtate, when *Henry* the ſixth
Was crown'd in *Paris* but at nine months old. [wot;
3. *C.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God

16 comes the better

For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave counſel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1. *C.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.
3. *C.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who ſhall be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of *Gloſter*;
And the queen's ſons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.
1. *C.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well.
3. *C.* When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.
2. *C.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon almoſt with a man,
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3. *C.* Before the days of change, ſtill is it ſo:
By a divine inſtinct, men's minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as, by proof, we ſee
The water ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2. *C.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.
3. *C.* And ſo was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the* Queen, *and the Dutcheſs of* York.

Arc. Laſt night, I hear, they reſted at *Northampton*;
At *Stony-ſtratford* they do lye to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Que. But I hear, no; they ſay, my ſon of *York*
Hath almoſt over-ta'en him in his growth.
Yor. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dut. Why, my young couſin? it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle *Gloſter*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee:
He was the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Arc. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Dut. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dut. How, my young *York*? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
Yor. Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.
Dut. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

[2] they lay at [3] do reſt to

Yor. Grandam, his nurſe.
Dut. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Que. A parlous boy: — Go to, you are too ſhrewd.
Arc. Good madam, be not angry with the child.]
Que. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arc. Here comes a meſſenger. —
What news?
Meſ. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.
Que. How doth the prince?
Meſ. Well, madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy news?
Meſ. Lord *Rivers*, and lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to *Pomfret*, priſoners; and, with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty dukes, *Gloſter*, and *Buckingham*.
Arc. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.
Que. Ay me, I ſee the ruin of my houſe!
The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind;
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs throne: —
Welcome, deſtruction, blood, and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days?
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my ſons were toſſ'd,

16 and with them, Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs:
And being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themſelves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, ſelf againſt ſelf; — O, prepoſterous
And frantick outrage, end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Que. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary. —
Madam, farewel.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Que. You have no cause.

Arc. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The ſeal I keep; And ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Street.*

Flouriſh. Enter the young Prince, *attended*;
RICHARD, CATESBY, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal*
Bourchier, *and Others.*

Buc. Welcome, ſweet prince, to *London*, to your chamber.

Ric. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' ſovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Pri. No, uncle; but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Ric. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhew; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Pri. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

Ric. My lord, the mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bleſs your grace with health and happy days!

Pri. I thank you, good my lord—and thank you all.—

[*they kiſs his Hand, and retire.*

I thought, my mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:—
Fie, what a ſlug is *Haſtings!* that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buc. And, in good time, here comes the ſweating lord.

Pri. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Has. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken ſanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buc. Fie! what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Perſuade the queen to ſend the duke of *York*

Unto his princely brother presently?
If ſhe deny, — Lord *Haſtings*, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Car. My lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here: But if ſhe be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priviledge
Of bleſſed ſanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of ſo great a ſin.
Buc. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the greenneſs of his age,
You break not ſanctuary in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted —
To those whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no priviledge nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men;
But ſanctuary children, ne'er till now.
Car. My lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?
Has. I go, my lord.
Pri. My lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
[*Exeunt* Has. *and* Car.
Say, uncle *Gloſter*, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn 'till our coronation?
Ric. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day, or two,

13 greatneſs

Your highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Pri. I do not like the tower, of any place:—
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my lord?
Buc. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edify'd.
Pri. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age, he built it?
Buc. It is upon record, my gracious lord.
Pri. But ſay, my lord, it were not regiſter'd;
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity,
Even to the generall all-ending day.
Ric. So wiſe ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.
Pri. What ſay you, uncle?
Ric. I ſay, without characters, fame lives long.
" Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity,"
" I moralize,—two meanings in one word."
Pri. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror;
For yet he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my couſin *Buckingham.*
Buc. What, my good lord?
Pri. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our antient right in *France* again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a king.
Ric. "Short ſummers lightly have a forward ſpring."
Enter York, Haſtings, *and the Cardinal.*
Buc. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of *York.*

23 of his 26 gracious Lord

Pri. *Richard* of *York!* how fares our loving brother?
Yor. Well, my dread lord; ſo muſt I call you now.
Pri. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.
Ric. How fares our couſin, noble lord of *York?*
Yor. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath out-grown me far.
Ric. He hath, my lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Ric. O, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
Ric. He may command me, as my ſovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.
Ric. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.
Pri. A beggar, brother?
Yor. Of my kind uncle, that, I know, will give;
And, being a toy, it is no grief to give.
Ric. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.
Yor. A greater gift! O, that's the ſword to it?
Ric. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.
Yor. O then, I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar, nay.
Ric. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
Yor. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Ric. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
Yor. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Ric. How?
Yor. Little.
Pri. My lord of *York* will ſtill be croſs in talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
Yor. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me: —
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Becauſe that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buc. " With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!"
[*to* Haſtings.
" To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,"
" He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf:"
" So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful."
Ric. My lord, will't pleaſe your highneſs paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What, will you go unto the tower, my lord?
Pri. My lord protector here will have it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the tower.
Ric. Why, ſir, what ſhould you fear?
Yor. Marry, my uncle *Clarence'* angry ghoſt;
My grandam told me, he was murther'd there.
Pri. I fear no uncles dead.
Ric. Nor none that live, I hope.
Pri. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the tower.
[*Exeunt* Pri. Yor. Haſ. *Car. and Attendants.*
Buc. Think you, my lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Ric. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buc. Well, let them reſt.—
Come hither, gentle *Catesby*; Thou art ſworn,
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'ſt thou? is it not an easy matter,
To make *William* lord *Haſtings* of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this noble duke
In the ſeat royal of this famous isle?

Cat. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the prince,
That he will not be won to ought againſt him.

Buc. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? will not he?

Cat. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.

Buc. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle *Catesby*,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpose;
And ſummon him to-morrow to the tower,
To ſit about the coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

Ric. Commend me to lord *William*: tell him, *Catesby*,
His antient knot of dang'rous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle kiſs the more.

Buc. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cat. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Ric. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we ſleep?
Cat. You ſhall, my lord.
Ric. At *Croſby*-place, there ſhall you find us both.
[*Exit* Catesby.
Buc. My lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our complots?
Ric. Chop off his head;—ſomething we will determine:
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was poſſeſt.
Buc. I'll claim that promiſe at your grace's hand.
Ric. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes; that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Lord* Haſtings' *Houſe.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, my lord,— [*knocking.*
Has. [*within.*] Who knocks?
Meſ. One from lord *Stanley*.
Has. What is't o'clock?
Meſ. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Has. Cannot thy maſter ſleep the tedious nights?
Meſ. So it ſhould ſeem by that I have to ſay.
Firſt, he commends him to your noble lordſhip;—
Has. And then,—
Meſ. And then he ſends you word, my lord,
He dreamt to-night, the boar had raz'd his helm:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

---

5 Now, my 20 from the Lord

Therefore he ſends to know your lordſhip's pleaſure,—
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt hence into the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.
Has. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils:
His honour, and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, without inſtance:
And for his dreams,— I wonder, he's ſo fond,
To truſt the mockery of unquiet ſlumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chace.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me;
And we will both together to the tower,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will use us kindly.
Meſ. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Exit.*
Enter CATESBY.
Cat. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Has. Good morrow, *Catesby*; you are early ſtirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.
Has. How wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?
Cat. Ay, my good lord.
Has. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

CAT. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—
That, this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, muſt die at *Pomfret.*
HAS. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on *Richard*'s ſide,
To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
CAT. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!
HAS. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,—
That they which brought me in my maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing, that yet think not on't.
CAT. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.
HAS. O, monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*: and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, that think themſelves as ſafe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'ſt, are dear
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
CAT. The princes both make high account of you,—
" For they account his head upon the bridge."
HAS. I know, they do; and I have well deſerv'd it.—

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided? [*Catesby*:—
STA. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow,
You may jeſt on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral councils, I.

Has. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my life, I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Sta. The lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they (indeed) had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancour I miſdoubt;
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we toward the tower? the day is ſpent.
Has. Come, come, have with you: Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, let us away.
Enter a Purſuivant.
Has. Go on before,
I'll talk with this good fellow. — How now, ſirrah?
[*Exeunt* Sta. *and* Cat.
How goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better, that your lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.
Has. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet:
Then was I going priſoner to the tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than ere I was.

19 come my Lo: let

Pur. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
Has. Gramercy, fellow: There,† drink that for me.
[*throwing him his Purſe.*
Pur. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Purſuivant.
Enter a Prieſt.
Pri. Well met, my lord; I am glad to ſee your honour.
Has. I thank thee, good ſir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your laſt exerciſe;
Come the next ſabboth, and I will content you.
Enter BUCKINGHAM.
Buc. What, talking with a prieſt, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the prieſt;
Your honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.
Has. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the tower?
Buc. I do, my lord; but long I cannot ſtay there
I ſhall return before your lordſhip thence.
Has. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. "And ſupper too, although thou know'ſt it not."
Come, will you go?
Has. I'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter, as to Execution, GREY, RIVERS, *and* VAUGHAN;
RATCLIFF, *and a Guard, with them.*
Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,—
To-day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Gre. God bleſs the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.
Vau. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O *Pomfret, Pomfret!* o thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls,
Richard the ſecond here was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give thee up our guiltleſs blood to drink.
Gre. Now *Margaret*'s curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when *Richard* ſtab'd her ſon.
Riv. Then curſ'd ſhe *Haſtings*, curſ'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſ'd ſhe *Richard*; — O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſons,—
Be ſatiſfy'd, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt!
Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, *Grey*, — come, *Vaughan*, — let us here embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham, *Biſhop of* Ely, *and Others, diſcover'd ſitting at a Table; Officers of the Council attending.*

Has. Now, noble peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, ſpeak, when is the royal day?
Buc. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Sta. They are, and wants but nomination.
Biſh. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buc. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

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11 *Haſtings*, then curſt 30 It is, and

Who is moſt inward with the noble duke? [mind.
Biſh. Your grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his
Buc. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine;—
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.
Has. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter RICHARD.

Biſh. In happy time, here comes the duke himſelf.
Ric. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow:
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buc. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord *Haſtings* had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Ric. Than my lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder;
His lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holborn*,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there;
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Biſh. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Biſhop.
Ric. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you:
[*drawing him aſide.*
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſs;

And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's child, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of *England*'s throne.

Buc. Withdraw yourſelf awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* Ric. *and* Buc.

Sta. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph:
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Biſh. Where is my lord Protector? I have ſent
For these ſame ſtrawberries.

Has. His grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this morning;
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in chriſtendom,
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.

Sta. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to-day?

Has. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Richard, *and* Buckingham, *haſtily*; Lovel, *and* Ratcliff, *with them*; *a Guard behind.*

Ric. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
[*advancing ſternly toward his Seat.*
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms?

Has. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence

To doom the offenders, whoſoe'er they be:
I ſay, my lord, they have deserved death.
Ric. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil,
Look how I am betwitch'd; behold, mine arm
[*ſtripping and laying it bare.*
Is like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Has. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Ric. If! thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor,—
Off with his head;—now by ſaint *Paul* I ſwear,
I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.—
Lovel, and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done;—
The reſt, that love me, riſe, and follow me.
[*Council riſe in Confuſion*; *and*
Exeunt, *with* Ric. *and* Buc.
Has. Woe, woe, for *England!* not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raze his helm;
But I diſdain'd it, and did ſcorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartl'd, when he look'd upon the tower,
As loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O, now I need the prieſt that ſpake to me:
Now I repent I told the purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
O, *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſtings*' wretched head.

Rat. Diſpatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Has. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, diſpatch; 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.
Has. O bloody *Richard!*—miſerable *England!*
I propheſy the fearful'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. The Tower-Walls.*

Enter Richard, *and* Buckingham, *in ruſty Armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Ric. Come, couſin, canſt thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?
Buc. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion: gaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my ſtratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Ric. He is; and, ſee, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and* Catesby.

Buc. Let me alone to entertain him. — Lord mayor,—
Ric. Look to the draw-bridge there.
Buc. Hark, hark! a drum.
Ric. *Catesby*, o'er-look the walls.
Buc. Lord mayor, the reaſon we have ſent for you,—
Ric. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel, *and* Ratcliff, *with*
Haſtings' *Head.*

Ric. Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and *Lovel.*
Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*
Ric. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep.
I took him for the plaineſt harmleſs creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a chriſtian;
Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his converſation with *Shore*'s wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.
Buc. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd. — Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
(Wert not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you) the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-houſe,
To murther me, and my good lord of *Gloſter?*
May. What, had he ſo?
Ric. What! think you we are *Turks*, or infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,

24 v. *Note.*

Proceed thus raſhly in the villain's death;
But that the extream peril of the caſe,
The peace of *England*, and our perſons' ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs *Shore*.
Buc. Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of these † our friends,
Somewhat againſt our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and timorouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons;
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen, and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.
Ric. And to that end we wiſh'd your lordſhip here,
To avoid the cenſures of the carping world.
Buc. But ſince you came too late for our intent,
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good lord mayor, we bid farewel.
[*Exit* Mayor.
Ric. Go, after, after, couſin *Buckingham*.
The mayor towards *Guild-hall* hies him in all poſt: —

13 have 27 late of our

There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
Only for ſaying — he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which, by the ſign thereof, was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beaſtial appetite in change of luſt;
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controul, liſted to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon: —
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, noble *York*,
My princely father, then had wars in *France*;
And, by juſt computation of the time,
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
But touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.
Buc. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf: and ſo, my lord, adieu.
Ric. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s caſtle;
Where you ſhall find me well accompany'd,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned biſhops.
Buc. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the *Guild-hall* affords.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
Ric. Go, *Lovel*, with all ſpeed to doctor *Shaw*, —
Go thou [*to* Cat.] to friar *Penker*; — bid them both

Meet me, within this hour, at *Baynard*'s caſtle.
[*Exeunt* Lov. *and* Cat.
Now will I in, to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of ſight;
And to give notice, that no manner perſon
Have, any time, recourſe unto the princes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here† is the indictment of the good lord *Haſtings*;
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Paul*'s.
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by *Catesby* was it ſent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays—he ſees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame. Court of* Baynard'*s Caſtle.*

Enter Richard, *and* Buckingham, *meeting.*

Ric. How now, how now? what ſay the citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Ric. Touch'd you the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children?
Buc. I did; with his contract with lady *Lucy*,
And his contract by deputy in *France*:

The inſatiate greedineſs of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,—
As being got, your father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Lay'd open all your victories in *Scotland*,
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpoſe,
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handl'd, in diſcourſe.
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bad them, that did love their country's good,
Cry — God ſave *Richard*, *England*'s royal king!
Ric. And did they ſo?
Buc. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But, like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence:
His anſwer was,— the people were not us'd
To be ſpoke to, but by their own recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus ſaith the duke, thus hath the duke infer'd;
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, *God ſave king* Richard!
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;

29 end of the

This general applauſe, and chearful ſhout,
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Ric. What tongueleſs blocks were they; Would they not ſpeak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?
Buc. The mayor is here at hand; Intend ſome fear;
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts;
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Ric. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for myſelf,
No doubt we bring it to a happy iſſue. [*Knock.*
Buc. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
[*Exit* RICHARD.

Enter the Lord Mayor; *with certain Aldermen, and Others.*

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be ſpoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, *Catesby?* what ſays your lord to my requeſt?
Cat. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Return, good *Catesby,* to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the mayor and aldermen,

In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our general good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtraight. [*Exit.*
Buc. Ah ha, my lord, this prince is not an *Edward!*
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not ſleeping, to engroſs his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul :
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous prince
Take on himſelf the ſov'reignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall ne'er win him to it.
May. Marry, God defend his grace ſhould ſay us nay!
Buc. I fear, he will: Here *Catesby* comes again; —
Re-enter Catesby.
What ſays your lord ?
Cat. He wonders to what end you have aſſembl'd
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am, my noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;
And ſo once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit* Cat.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Richard, *in a Balcony, above, between two Biſhops*; Catesby *again, below.*
May. See, where his grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen!

6 lulling

Buc. Two props of virtue for a chriſtian prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And, ſee, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right chriſtian zeal.
Ric. My lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
Defer'd the viſitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleaſure?
Buc. Even that, I hope, which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.
Ric. I do ſuſpect, I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You have, my lord; 'Would, it might pleaſe your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!
Ric. Elſe wherefore breath I in a chriſtian land?
Buc. Know, then, it is your fault, that you reſign
The ſupream ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,
Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
Whilſt, in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,

And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſollicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your grace.
Ric. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition:
For, not to anſwer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me;
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends:
Therefore,—to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt;
And then, in ſpeaking, not incur the laſt,—
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,

So mighty, and ſo many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea,—
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign:
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars,—
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!
Buc. My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace;
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by *Edward*'s wife:—
For firſt he was contract to lady *Lucy*,
Your mother lives a witneſs to his vow;
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the king of *France:*
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many ſons,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our manners call—the prince.

More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that, for reverence to ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived courſe.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.
Buc. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cat. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.
Ric. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?
I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty: —
I do beſeech you, take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buc. If you refuse it,— as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's ſon;
As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally (indeed) to all eſtates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our king;
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfal of your houſe.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you; —
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
[*Exit, with the Citizens.*
Cat. Call them again, ſweet prince, accept their ſuit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Ric. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, Call them again; [*Exit* CAT.] I am not made of
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [ſtone,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul. —
Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the reſt.*
Cousin of *Buckingham*, — and ſage grave men, —
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will, or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load:
But if black ſcandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bleſs your grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Ric. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this royal title, —
Long live king *Richard*, *England*'s worthy king!
all. Amen.
Buc. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?
Ric. Even when you please, for you will have it ſo.
Buc. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And ſo, moſt joyfully, we take our leave.
Ric. Come, let us to our holy work again: —
Farewel, good cousin; — farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one Side, Anne *Dutcheſs of* Gloſter,
and Clarence'*s young Daughter with her*; *on the other,*
the Queen, *the Dutcheſs of* York, *and Marquiſs*

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[1] ſtones

DORSET: *Attendants with them.*

Dut. Who meets us here? my niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of *Gloſter?*
Now, for my life, ſhe's wand'ring to the tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince. —
Daughter, well met.
ANN. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!
Que. As much to you, good ſiſter! Whither away?
ANN. No farther than the tower; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourſelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.
Que. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together:
Enter BRAKENBURY.
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes. —
Maſter lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young ſon of *York?*
BRA. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The king hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Que. The king! who's that?
BRA. I mean, the lord protector.
Que. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he ſet bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, Who ſhall bar me from them?
Dut. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.
ANN. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.
BRA. No, madam, no, I may not leave it ſo;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Sta. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your grace of *York* as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens. —
Come, madam, [*to* Ann.] you muſt ſtraight to *Weſtminſter*,
There to be crowned *Richard*'s royal queen.
Que. Ah, cut my lace aſunder! that my pent heart
May have ſome ſcope to beat, or elſe I ſwoon
With this dead-killing news.
Ann. Deſpiteful tidings! o unpleaſing news!
Dor. Be of good chear: — Mother, how fares your grace?
Que. O *Dorſet*, ſpeak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-ſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret*'s curſe,—
Nor mother, wife, nor *England*'s counted queen.
Sta. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, madam: —
Take all the ſwift advantage of the hours;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.
Dut. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery! —
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murtherous!
Sta. Come, madam, come; I in all haſte was ſent.
Ann. And I with all unwillingneſs will go. —
O, would to God, that the incluſive verge

Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can ſay — God ſave the queen!
Que. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.
Ann. No! why? — When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead ſaint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s face,
This was my wiſh, — *Be thou,* quoth I, *accurſ'd,*
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
And, when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be ſo mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou haſt made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Even in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my woman's heart
Groſſly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of my own ſoul's curſe:
Whith hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
But with his timorous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.
Que. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
Ann. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory.
Ann. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it.

Dut. Go thou to *Richmond,* And good fortune guide thee! —
Go thou to *Richard,* And good angels tend thee! —
Go thou to ſanctuary, And good thoughts poſseſs thee! —
I to my grave, Where peace and reſt lye with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Que. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the tower. —
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones,
Rude ragged nurſe, old ſullen play-fellow
For tender princes, uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. RICHARD, *upon his Throne;* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lords, by him:* CATESBY, Page, *and Others.*

Ric. Stand all apart. — Couſin of *Buckingham,*—

Buc. My gracious ſovereign:

Ric. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is king *Richard* ſeated: —
But ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?

Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!

Ric. Ah, *Buckingham,* now do I 'ply the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed: —
Young *Edward* lives; — Think now what I would ſpeak.

Buc. Say on, my loving lord.

Ric. Why, *Buckingham,* I ſay, I would be king.

Buc. Why, ſo you are, my thrice renowned liege.

Ric. Ha! am I king? 'Tis ſo: but *Edward* lives.

14 Sorrowes 26 play

Buc. True, noble prince.
Ric. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould live — true noble prince!
Cousin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull: —
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.
Buc. Your grace may do your pleasure.
Ric. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall die? [lord,
Buc. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit* Buc.
Cat. "The king is angry; ſee, he gnaws his lip."
[*to a Stander-by.*
Ric. I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
And unreſpective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with conſiderate eyes: —
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumſpect. —
Boy, —
Pag. My lord:
Ric. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death?
Pag. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
Ric. What is his name?
Pag. His name, my lord, is — *Tyrrel.*
Ric. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy. — [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*

No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels:
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? well, be it ſo. —
Enter STANLEY.
How now, lord *Stanley*? what's the news?
Sta. My lord,
The marquiſs *Dorſet*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.
Ric. Come hither, *Catesby*: rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is very grievous ſick;
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Enquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence'* daughter:
The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.
Look, how thou dream'ſt! I ſay again, give out,
That *Anne* my queen is ſick, and like to die:
About it; for it ſtands me much upon,
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me. —
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I muſt be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs: —
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye. —
Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.
Is thy name — *Tyrrel*?
Tyr. *James Tyrrel*, and your moſt obedient ſubject.
Ric. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
Ric. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleaſe you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

[6] *Stanley.* Know my loving Lord

Ric. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
Ric. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſick. Hark, come hither, *Tyrrel*;
Go, by this † token:— Rise, and lend thine ear:
[*whiſpers him.*
There is no more but ſo; Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buc. My lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did ſound me in:
Ric. Well, let that reſt. *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buc. I hear the news, my lord.
Ric. *Stanley*, he is your wife's ſon; Well, look to it.
Buc. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Which you have promised I ſhall poſſeſs.
Ric. *Stanley*, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buc. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?
Ric. I do remember me, *Henry* the ſixth
Did propheſy, that *Richmond* ſhould be king,
When *Richmond* was a little peeviſh boy.
A king!—perhaps.
Buc. My lord,—
Ric. How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?
Buc. My lord, your promiſe for the earldom,—
Ric. *Richmond!*—When laſt I was at *Exeter*,
The mayor in courteſy ſhew'd me the caſtle,
And call'd it—*Rouge-mont:* at which name, I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw *Richmond.*
Buc. My lord,—
Ric. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me:
Ric. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buc. Upon the ſtroke of ten.
Ric. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
Ric. Becauſe that, like a jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buc. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.
Ric. Thou troubl'ſt me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt* RICHARD, *and Train.*
Buc. Is it even ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on *Haſtings*; and be gone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn

To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and kind compaſſion,
Wept like to children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
O, thus, quoth *Dighton, lay the gentle babes,*—
Thus, thus, quoth *Forreſt*; *girdling one another*
Within their alablaſter innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a ſtalk,
Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſſ'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth *Forreſt, almoſt chang'd my mind:*
But, o, the devil— there the villain ſtop'd;
When *Dighton* thus told on,— *we ſmothered*
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeak; and ſo I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes : — All health, my ſovereign lord!
Ric. Kind *Tyrrel!* am I happy in thy news?
Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.
Ric. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
Ric. And bury'd, gentle *Tyrrel?*
Tyr. The chaplain of the tower hath bury'd them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.
Ric. Come to me, *Tyrrel*, ſoon, at after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Ric. The ſon of *Clarence* have I pen'd up cloſe,
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The ſons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abraham*'s bosom,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the *Breton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

Ric. Good or bad news, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*;
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welſhmen*,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

Ric. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his raſh-levy'd ſtrength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;.
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's *Mercury*, and herald for a king!
Go, muſter men: My counſel is my ſhield;
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. M. So, now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines ſlily have I lurk'd,

To watch the waining of mine enemies:
A dire induction am I witneſs to,
And will to *France*; hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched *Margaret*; Who comes here?

Enter the Queen, *haſtily*; *Dutcheſs of* York *following her.*

Que. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. M. Hover about her; ſay, that right for right
Hath dim'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dut. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-weary'd tongue is ſtill and mute. —
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. M. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

Que. Wilt thou, o God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
Why didſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done?

Q. M. When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my ſweet ſon?

Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on *England*'s lawful earth,
[*ſitting down on it.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Que. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;

Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here!
[*throwing herſelf by her.*
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn, but we?
Q. M. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of ſeniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
[*joining, and taking Seat between them.*
If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—
I had an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him ;
I had a husband, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him :
Thou hadſt an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him ;
Thou hadſt a *Richard*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Q. M. Thou hadſt a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping ſouls,
Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.—
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body,
And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!
Dut. O *Harry*'s wife, triúmph not in my woes;
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. M. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

5 ſigneury 22 v. *Note.*

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*;
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*;
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reſerv'd their factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enſues his piteous and unpity'd end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; ſaints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Que. O, thou didſt propheſy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottl'd ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. M. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted queen;
The preſentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two ſons? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays—God ſave the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt usurp my place, And doſt thou not
Usurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I ſlip my weary'd head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee. —
Farewel, *York*'s wife, — and queen of ſad miſchance, —
These *Engliſh* woes ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.
Que. O thou well ſkill'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q. M. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day;
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loſs makes the bad causer worſe;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curſe.
Que. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!
Q. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Que. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them have ſcope: though what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.
Enter RICHARD, *and Train, marching.*
Ric. Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Dut. O, ſhe, that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.
Que. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?
Dut. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother *Clarence?*
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his ſon?
Que. Where is the gentle *Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?*
Dut. Where is kind *Haſtings?*
Ric. A flouriſh, trumpets;—ſtrike alarum, drums;
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I ſay.—
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſon?

Ric. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.
Dut. Then patiently hear my impatience.
Ric. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dut. O, let me ſpeak.
Ric. Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
Ric. And brief, good mother; for I am in haſte.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.
Ric. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days, frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company? [grace
Ric. 'Faith, none, but *Humphrey Houre*, that call'd your
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam. —
Strike up the drum.
Dut. I pr'ythee, hear me ſpeak.
Ric. You ſpeak too bitterly.
Dut. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.
Ric. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt die, by God's juſt ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extream age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of *Edward*'s children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promise them ſucceſs and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit* Dutcheſs.

Que. Though far more cause, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me; I ſay amen to her. [*going*.

Ric. Stay, madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

Que. I have no more ſons of the royal blood,
For thee to murther: for my daughters, *Richard*,—
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

Ric. You have a daughter call'd—*Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Que. And muſt ſhe die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty;
Slander myſelf, as falſe to *Edward*'s bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcar'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not *Edward*'s daughter.

Ric. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is a royal princeſs.

Que. To ſave her life, I'll ſay—ſhe is not ſo.

Ric. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Que. And only in that ſafety dy'd her brothers.
Ric. Lo, at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Que. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.
Ric. All unavoided is the doom of deſtiny.
Que. True, when avoided grace makes deſtiny:
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſſ'd thee with a fairer life.
Ric. You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins.
Que. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hand ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt, the murth'rous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in ſuch a deſperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.
Ric. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!
Que. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?
Ric. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Que. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Ric. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Que. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;

11 lanch'd

Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou devise to any child of mine?
Ric. Even all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.
Que. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs' date.
Ric. Then know, that, from my ſoul, I love thy daughter.
Que. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.
Ric. What do you think?
Que. That thou doſt love my daughter, from thy ſoul:
So, from thy ſoul's love, didſt thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
Ric. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of *England.*
Que. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her king?
Ric. Even he, that makes her queen; Who elſe ſhould be?
Que. What, thou?
Ric. Even I: What think you of it, madam?
Que. How canſt thou woo her?
Ric. That would I learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Que. And wilt thou learn of me?
Ric. Madam, with all my heart.
Que. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and *York*; then, haply, will ſhe weep:
Therefore present to her,—as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in *Rutland*'s blood,—

A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and, for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.
Ric. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Que. There is no other way;
Unleſs thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
Ric. Say, that I did all this for love of her? [thee,
Que. Nay, then (indeed) ſhe cannot choose but hate
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil.
Ric. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadvisedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you 'bid like ſorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.

The loſs, you have, is but—a ſon being king,
And, by that loſs, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet your ſon, that, with a fearful ſoul,
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,
This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet*—brother;
Again ſhall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed,
Shall come again, tranſform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with intereſt
Of ten times double gain of happineſs.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go,
Make bold her baſhful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aſpiring flame
Of golden ſov'reignty; acquaint the princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chaſtised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant laurels will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conqueſt won,
And ſhe ſhall be ſole vict'reſs, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.
Que. What were I beſt to ſay? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?

Or, he that ſlew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?
Ric. Infer fair *England*'s peace by this alliance.
Que. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.
Ric. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Que. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.
Ric. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty queen.
Que. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
Ric. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.
Que. But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?
Ric. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Que. But how long fairly ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
Ric. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Que. As long as hell, and *Richard*, likes of it.
Ric. Say, I, her ſovereign, am her ſubject love.
Que. But ſhe, your ſubject, loaths ſuch ſov'reignty.
Ric. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Que. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
Ric. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Que. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
Ric. Your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quick.
Que. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in your graves.
Ric. Harp not on that ſtring, madam; that is paſt.
Que. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.
Ric. Now, by my george, my garter, and my crown,—
Que. Prophan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.
Ric. I ſwear:
Que. By nothing; for this is no oath:
Thy george, prophan'd, hath loſt his lordly honour;

[25] in their [26] v. *Note.*

Thy garter, blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.
Ric. Now by the world;
Que. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
Ric. My father's death;
Que. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.
Ric. Then, by myſelf;
Que. Thyſelf is ſelf-miſ-us'd.
Ric. Why then, by heaven:
Que. Heaven's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother ſlain:
If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, too tender bed-fellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canſt thou ſwear by now?
Ric. The time to come.
Que. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt;
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age:
Swear not by time to come; for that thou haſt
Miſ-us'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-paſt.

Ric. As I intend to proſper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy reſt!
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf, and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh found in great deſigns.
Que. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
Ric. Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.
Que. Shall I forget myſelf, to be myſelf?
Ric. Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong yourſelf.
Que. But thou didſt kill my children.
Ric. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.
Que. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
Ric. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Que. I go.—Write to me very ſhortly.

And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind.
Ric. Bear her my true love's kiſs, [*ſaluting the Queen.*] and ſo farewel; [*Exit* Queen.
Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing — woman.

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following.*

How now? what news?
Rat. Moſt mighty ſovereign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant navy; to the ſhore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
Ric. Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke of *Norfolk*; —
Ratcliff, thyſelf, — or *Cateſby*, Where is he?
Cat. Here, my good lord.
Ric. *Cateſby*, fly to the duke.
Cat. I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.
Ric. *Ratcliff*, come hither: Poſt to *Saliſbury*;
When thou com'ſt thither, — Dull unmindful villain,
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?
Cat. Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.
Ric. O, true, good *Cateſby*; Bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at *Saliſbury*.
Cat. I go. [*Exit* Cat.
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at *Saliſbury*?
Ric. Why, what wouldſt thou do there, before I go?
Rat. Your highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

Enter STANLEY.

Ric. My mind is chang'd. — *Stanley*, what news with you?

19 *Rich. Cateſby* come

Sta. None good, my liege, to pleaſe you with the
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported. [hearing;
Ric. Heyday, a riddle; neither good, nor bad!
What need'ſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?
Sta. *Richmond* is on the ſeas.
Ric. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Sta. I know not, mighty ſovereign, but by gueſs.
Ric. Well, as you gueſs?
Sta. Stir'd up by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the crown.
Ric. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *England*'s king, but great *York*'s heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?
Sta. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.
Ric. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the *Welſhman* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Sta. No, mighty liege; therefore miſtruſt me not.
Ric. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ſhips?
Sta. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
Ric. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?
Sta. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majeſty to give me leave,

I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

Ric. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone, to join with *Richmond:*
I will not truſt you, ſir.

Sta. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, falſe.

Ric. Well, go, muſter thy men. But, hear you, leave [behind
Your ſon, *George Stanley:* look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Sta. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious ſovereign, now in *Devonſhire,*
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *M.* In *Kent*, my liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3. *M.* My lord, the army of great *Buckingham*—

Ric. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death!
There, take thou † that, till thou bring better news.
[*ſtriking him.*

3. *M.* The news I have to tell your majeſty,
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſperſ'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

Ric. O, I cry you mercy:
There is † my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3. *M.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.
Enter another Meſſenger.
4. *M.* Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and lord marquiſs *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my liege, in *Yorkſhire* are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highneſs,—
The *Breton* navy is diſperſ'd by tempeſt:
Richmond, in *Dorſetſhire*, ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party: he, miſtruſting them,
Hoiſ'd ſail, and made his courſe again for *Bretagne*.
Ric. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.
Enter CATESBY.
Cat. My liege, the duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt news; That the earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it muſt be told.
Ric. Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reaſon here,
A royal battle might be won and loſt:—
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*;—the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Room in Lord* Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter STANLEY, *and* URSWICK.
Sta. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me:—

24 yet they muſt

That, in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,
My ſon *George Stanley* is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head;
The fear of that withholds my preſent aid.
But, tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Urs. At *Pembroke*, or at *Ha'rford-weſt*, in *Wales*.
Sta. What men of name reſort to him?
Urs. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned ſoldier;
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and ſir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, ſir *James Blunt*,
And *'rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their courſe,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Sta. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhall eſpouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
Those † letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter Buckingham, *to Execution*; *Sheriff, and Guard, with him.*

Buc. Will not king *Richard* let me ſpeak with him?
She. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.
Buc. *Haſtings*, and *Edward*'s children, *Rivers*, *Grey*,
Holy king *Henry*, and thy fair ſon *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By underhand corrupted foul injuſtice;

18 Theſe

If that your moody diſcontented ſouls
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction! —
This is *All-ſouls'* day, fellows, is it not?

She. It is, my lord.

Buc. Why, then *All-ſouls'* day is my body's dooms-day.
This is the day, which, in king *Edward's* time,
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſh'd to fall
By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted;
This, this *All-ſouls'* day to my fearful ſoul,
Is the determin'd reſpit of my wrongs:
That high All-ſeer whom I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt what I beg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms:
Thus *Margaret's* curſe falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth ſhe, *ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,*
Remember Margaret *was a propheteſs.* —
Come, ſirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exit, guarded.*

SCENE II. *Fields near* Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, HENRY *Earl of* Richmond, *and Forces, marching*; *Earl of* OXFORD, *Sir* James BLUNT, *Sir* Walter HERBERT, *and Others, about him.*

Hen. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land

Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That ſpoils your ſummer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowel'd bosoms,— this foul ſwine
Lies now even in the center of this isle,
Near to the town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one day's march:
In God's name, chearly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.
Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thousand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.
Her. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blu. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;
Which, in his deareſt need, will fly from him.
Hen. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *A Field by* Bosworth.

Drums. Enter King Richard, *and Forces*; *Duke of* Norfolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *and Others.*

Ric. Here pitch our tent, [*to ſome Officers.*] even here in *Bosworth* field.—
My lord of *Surrey*, why look you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
Ric. My lord of *Norfolk*,—
Nor. Here, moſt gracious liege.

5 ſpoild

Ric. *Norfolk*, we muſt have knocks; Ha! muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving lord.
Ric. Up with my tent: — [*Tent ſet up.*] Here will I lye to-night;
But where, to-morrow? — Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath deſcry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.
Ric. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe faction want. —
Up with the tent. — Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground; —
Call for ſome men of ſound direction: —
Let's lack no diſcipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a buſy day. [*Exeunt.*

Drums. Enter, on the other Side of the Field, Soldiers of Richmond'*s Army, and ſet up his Tent: Then, Enter* Henry, Blunt, Oxford, Herbert, *Sir* William Brandon, *and Others.*

Hen. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow. —
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my ſtandard. —
Give me ſome ink and paper in my tent; —
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall power. —
My lord of *Oxford*, — you, ſir *William Brandon*, —
And you, ſir *Walter Herbert*, ſtay with me: —
The earl of *Pembroke* keeps his regiment; —
Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning

Deſire the earl to ſee me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blu. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the king.
Hen. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful † note.
Blu. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And ſo, God give you quiet reſt to-night!
Hen. Good night, good captain *Blunt*.—[*Exit* Blu.
Come, gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, to his Tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

Ric. What is't o'clock?
Cat. It's ſupper-time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.
Ric. I will not ſup to-night.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour lay'd into my tent?
Cat. It is, my liege; and all things are in readineſs.
Ric. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge, away;
Uſe careful watch, choose truſty centinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
Ric. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit* Nor.
Ric. *Ratcliff*,—
Rat. My lord?

Ric. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To *Stanley*'s regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-rising, leſt his ſon *George* fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
Fill me a bowl of wine: — [*to* Cat.] Give me a watch: —
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, and not too heavy. —
Ratcliff, —
Rat. My lord?
Ric. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord *Northumberland?*
Rat. *Thomas* the earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.
Ric. I am ſatiſfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
[*Wine brought.*
So, ſet it down. — Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
Ric. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me, *Ratcliff.* Leave me, I ſay.
[*Exeunt* Rat, *and* Cat.

Richmond'*s Tent opens; diſcovering him, and his Friends, conferring: to them,* Stanley.

Sta. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!
Hen. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?
Sta. I, by attorney, bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that. The ſilent hours ſteal on,

21 v. *Note.*

And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal-fearing war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy tender brother *George*
Be executed in his father's ſight.
Farewel: the leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: Be valiant, and ſpeed well!
HEN. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubl'd thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me down to-morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Lords*, &c. *with* STANLEY.
O thou, whose captain I account myſelf,
[*going towards a Couch, and kneeling*,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries;
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,

5 mortall ſtaring

'Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, o defend me ſtill!
[*throws himſelf upon the Couch, and ſleeps.*
Lightning, and hollow Sounds. Suddenly, is ſeen rising, betweon the Tents, the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the ſixth.*

Edw. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*to* Richard, *ſitting aſleep in his Chair.*
Think, how thou ſtab'dſt me in my prime of youth
At *Tewksbury*; Deſpair therefore, and die! —
Be chearful, *Richmond*; for the wronged ſouls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.
Ghoſt of Henry *the ſixth rises.*

Hen. When I was mortal, my anointed body
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the tower, and me; Deſpair, and die;
Henry the ſixth bids thee deſpair and die! —
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; Live thou, and flouriſh!
Ghoſt of Clarence *rises.*

Cla. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow;
I, that was waſh'd to death with fulſom wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die! —
Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flouriſh!
Ghoſts of Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *rise.*

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow,

Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret!* Deſpair, and die!
GRE. Think upon *Grey*, and let thy ſoul deſpair!
VAU. Think upon *Vaughan*; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy hurtleſs lance, deſpair, and die! —
all. Awake; and think, our wrongs in *Richard*'s bosom
Will conquer him; awake, and win the day!
Ghoſt of Haſtings *riſes.*
HAS. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord *Haſtings*; and deſpair, and die! —
Quiet untroubl'd ſoul, awake, awake;
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England*'s ſake!
Ghoſts of the two young Princes riſe.
Pri. Dream on thy cousins ſmother'd in the tower;
Let us be lay'd within thy bosom, *Richard*,
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair and die. —
Sleep, *Richmond*, ſleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.
Ghoſt of Lady Anne *riſes.*
ANN. *Richard*, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die! —
Thou quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep;
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory;
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.
Ghoſt of Buckingham *riſes.*

Buc. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown;
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath!—
I dy'd forſook, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good angels, fight on *Richmond*'s ſide;
And *Richard* falls in height of all his pride.
[*Lightning; and the Ghoſts vaniſh.*
Ric. Give me another horſe,—bind up my wounds,—
[*ſtarting wildly out of his Sleep.*
Have mercy, *Jeſu!*—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue. Is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? myſelf? there's none elſe by:
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then fly,—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon: Why?
Leſt I revenge. Myſelf upon myſelf?
I love myſelf. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well: Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain:
Perjury, perjury, in the higheſt degree;

7 for hope ere 16 It is 22 v. *Note.*

Murther, ſtern murther, in the dir'ſt degree;
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all — Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul ſhall pity me: —
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I have murther'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
Ric. 'Zouns, who is there? [*ſtarting*.
Rat. My lord, 'tis I: The early village cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
Ric. O, *Ratcliff*, I have dream'd a fearful dream! —
What thinkeſt thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
Ric. *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear.
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.
Ric. By the apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtrook more terror to the ſoul of *Richard*,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to ſhrink from me. [*Exeunt*.

Richmond *wakes. Enter* OXFORD, *and Others, to him.*

Oxf. Good morrow, *Richmond*.
Hen. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

20 O *Ratcliffe*

That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.
Oxf. How have you ſlept, my lord?
Hen. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowzy head,
Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd on victory:
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
1. L. Upon the ſtroke of four.
Hen. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.
[*arms, and comes forth.*
More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
[*to his Troops; who now gather about the Tent.*
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide;
The prayers of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces;
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him;
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*'s chair, where he is falſely ſet;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will, in juſtice, ward you as his ſoldiers;

If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain;
If you do fight againſt your country's foes,
Your country's fat ſhall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in ſafe-guard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpſe on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully;
God, and ſaint *George! Richmond*, and victory!
[*Shouts*, &c. *and Exeunt.*

Re-enter RICHARD, *and* RATCLIFF; *Attendants, and Forces, with them.*

RIC. What ſaid *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond?*
RAT. That he was never trained up in arms.
RIC. He ſaid the truth: And what ſaid *Surrey* then?
RAT. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
RIC. He was i'the right; and ſo, indeed, it is.
[*Clock ſtrikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—
Who ſaw the ſun to-day?
RAT. Not I, my lord.
RIC. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book,
He ſhould have brav'd the eaſt an hour ago:
A black day will it be to ſomebody.—
Ratcliffe,—

---

8 quits 15 boldly, and cheer—

Rat. My lord?
Ric. The ſun will not be ſeen to-day;
The ſky doth frown, and lour upon our army.
I would, theſe dewy tears were from the ground.
Not ſhine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to *Richmond?* for the ſelf-ſame heaven,
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.
Enter Norfolk, *and Others, haſtily.*
Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
Ric. Come, buſtle, buſtle; — Capariſon my horſe; —
Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power: —
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,
Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot;
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
John duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we ourſelf will follow
In the main battle; which, on either ſide,
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe.
This, and ſaint *George* to boot, — What think'ſt thou, *Norfolk?*
Nor. A good direction, warlike ſovereign.
This † paper found I on my tent this morning.
Ric. Jockey *of* Norfolk, *be not too bold*; [*reads.*
For Dickon *thy maſter is bought and ſold.*
A thing deviſed by the enemy. — [*throws it away.*
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our ſouls;
For conſcience is a word that cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe;
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.

20 whoſe puiſſance on 25 v. *Note.*

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What ſhall I ſay more than I have infer'd?
[*turning to his Troops.*
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A ſort of vagabonds, raſcals, runaways;
A ſcum of *Bretons*, and baſe lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate 'ventures and aſſur'd deſtruction:
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt;
You having lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would diſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in *Bretagne* at our brother's coſt?
A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow?
Let's whip these ſtraglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence these over-weaning rags of *France*,
These famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these baſtard *Bretons*; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lye with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of *England!* fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!—

9 adventures 12 reſtrain 14 our mothers 29 boldly

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays lord *Stanley?* will he bring his power?
Meſ. My lord, he doth deny to come to you.
Ric. Off inſtantly with his ſon *George*'s head.
Nor. My lord, the enemy is paſt the marſh;
After the battle let *George Stanley* die.
Ric. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom:
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair ſaint *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory ſits on our helms.
[*Drums, and Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Excurſions. Enter Norfolk, *and Forces, fighting; to him,* Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue, my lord of *Norfolk*, reſcue, reſcue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring, and oppoſite to every danger;
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death:
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt!

Enter Richard.

Ric. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
Cat. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
Ric. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him: —
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Other long Alarums: afterwards, a Retreat.

Shouts; and Enter Richmond *victorious,*
his Sword bloody; STANLEY, *with* Richard's *Crown in*
his Hand; other Lords, and Forces.

HEN. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

STA. Courageous *Richmond*, well haſt thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-uſurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
[*ſets it upon his Head. Shouts.*

HEN. Great God of heaven, ſay amen to all! —
But, tell me, is your ſon *George Stanley* living?

STA. He is, my lord, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* town;
Whither, if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw us.

HEN. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?

STA. *John* duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* lord *Ferrers*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, and ſir *William Brandon*.
[*reading out of a Note.*

HEN. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,
We will unite the white roſe and the red: —
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity! —
What traitor hears me, and ſays not — amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father madly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſon compell'd been butcher to the ſire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaſter*

7 royalties 13 young *George* 20 become

Divided, in their dire diviſion.—
O, now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreams of blood!
Let them not live to taſte this land's encreaſe,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are ſtop'd, peace lives again;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay—Amen!
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a ſerious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of ſtate and woe,
Such noble ſcenes as draw the eye to flow
We now present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The ſubject will deserve it: Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: Those, that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The play may paſs; if they be ſtill, and willing,
I'll undertake, may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort hours: Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to ſee a fellow
In a long motley coat, garded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with ſuch a ſhow
As fool and fight is, (beſide forfeiting
Our own brains; and the opinion, that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us never an underſtanding friend.
Therefore, for goodneſs' ſake, and as you are known
The firſt and happieſt hearers of the town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye: Think, ye ſee
The very perſons of our hiſtory,
As they were living; think, you ſee them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and ſweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoon this mightineſs meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll ſay,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

26 *our Noble Story*

Perſons repreſented.

King Henry *the eighth.*
Cardinal Wolſey. *Cardinal* Campeius.
Capucius, *Embaſſador from the Emperor.*
Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Lord Chancellor. Lord Chamberlain. Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of* Buckingham. *Earl of* Surrey.
Lord Abergavenny. *Lord* Sands. *Biſhop of* Lincoln.
Sir Thomas Lovel. *Sir* Henry Guilford.
Sir Nicholas Vaux. *Sir* Antony Denny.
Gardiner, *King's Secretary*; *afterwards, Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Cromwel, *Servant to* Wolſey; *afterwards, King's Secretary*, &c.
Brandon, *and a Serjeant at Arms. Doctor* Butts.
Griffith, *gentleman-Uſher to Queen* Catharine.
Secretary to Wolſey*: Attendant upon the ſame.*
Gentleman of the King's. Gentleman of the Queen's.
three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.
Duke of Buckingham'*s Surveyor.*
a Scribe. a Cryer. Page to Gardiner.
Porter, and his Man. Keeper of the Council-Chamber.

Catharine, *Wife to* Henry; *afterwards, divorc'd:*
Anne Bullen, *her Maid of Honour*; *afterwards, Queen.*
an old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman to Queen* Catharine.

Several Lords, Ladies, &c. *in the dumb Shews.*
Women attending Catharine; *Spirits appearing to her.*
Guards, and other Attendants.

Scene, London; *once, at* Kimbolton.

HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *Anti-room in the Palace.*
Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one Door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buc. Good morrow, and well met. How have you [done,
Since laſt we ſaw in *France?*
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and, ever ſince, a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.
Buc. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a priſoner in my chamber, when
Those ſons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.
Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde:*
I was then present, ſaw them ſalute on horſe-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buc. All the whole time

I was my chamber's priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay,
'Till this time, pomp was ſingle; but now marry'd
To one above itſelf. Each following day
Became the laſt day's maſter, 'till the next
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the *Engliſh*; and, to-morrow, they
Made *Britain India:* every man, that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine; their dwarfiſh pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this maſk
Was cry'd incomparable; and the enſuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe: and, being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid, they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure: When theſe ſuns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs; that former fabulous ſtory,
Being now ſeen poſſible enough, got credit,
That *Bevis* was believ'd.
Buc. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour honeſty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal;

6 & 32 v. *Notes.*

To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Diſtinctly his full function.
Buc. Who did guide,
I mean, who ſet the body and the limbs
Of this great ſport together, as you gueſs?
Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no element
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Buc. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good diſcretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of *York*.
Buc. The devil ſpeed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'the beneficial ſun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Yet, ſurely, ſir,
There's in him ſtuff that puts him to theſe ends:
For, being not propt by anceſtry, (whoſe grace
Chalks ſucceſſors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown, neither ally'd
To eminent aſſiſtants, but, ſpider-like,
Out of his ſelf-drawn web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.
Abe. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let ſome graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can ſee his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

---

24 Web. O gives

Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.
Buc. And why the devil,
Upon this *French* going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'the king, to appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Muſt fetch him in he papers.
Abe. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpir'd; and, not conſulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Abe. Is it therefore
The ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Abe. A proper title of a peace and purchaſ'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!
Buc. Why, all this buſineſs
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.
Nor. Like it your grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart that wiſhes towards you
Honour and plenteous ſafety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A miniſter in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge: it's long, and,'t may be ſaid,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey,
(the Purſe born before him) certain of the
Guard, and two Secretaries *with Papers.*
The Cardinal in his Paſſage fixeth his Eye on
Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him,*
both full of Diſdain.

Wol. The duke of *Buckingham*'s ſurveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
1. *S*. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Wol. Is he in perſon ready?

1. *S.* Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more; and *Buckingham*
Shall leſſen this big look. [*Exeunt* Wolsey, *and Train.*
Buc. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aſk God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in his looks
Matter againſt me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about: To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt: Anger is like
A full-hot horſe; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me like you: be to yourſelf,
As you would to your friend.
Buc. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* fellow's inſolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no perſons.
Nor. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it do ſindge yourſelf: We may out-run,
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at,
And loſe by over-running. Know you not,

4 venom'd-mouth'd

The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it? Be adviſ'd:
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
If with the ſap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.
Buc. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your preſcription: — but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of gravel) I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Nor. Say not, treaſonous.
Buc. To the king I'll ſay't; and make my vouch as [ſtrong
As ſhore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to ſhew his pomp as well in *France*
As here at home, ſuggeſts the king our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, the interview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treasure, and like a glaſs
Did break i'the rinſing.
Nor. 'Faith, and ſo it did.
Buc. Pray, give me favour, ſir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o'the combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well · for worthy *Wolſey*,
Who cannot err, he did it · Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treaſon) — *Charles* the emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and *France*, might, through their amity,
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He therefore privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow, —
(Which I do well; for, I am ſure, the emperor
Pay'd, ere he promis'd; whereby his ſuit was granted,
Ere it was aſk'd) — but, when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus deſir'd; —
That he would pleaſe to alter the king's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the king know,
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am ſorry,
To hear this of him; and could wiſh, he were
Something miſtaken in't.
Buc. No, not a ſyllable;
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape,
He ſhall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bra. Your office, ſerjeant; execute it.
Ser. Sir,
My lord the duke of *Buckingham*, and earl

Of *Hereford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt ſovereign king.
  Buc. Lo you, my lord, [*to* Nor.
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under deviſe and practice.
  Bra. I am ſorry,
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent: 'Tis his highneſs' pleaſure,
You ſhall to the tower.
  Buc. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare you well.
  Bra. Nay, he muſt bear you company: — The king
Is pleas'd, you ſhall to the tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.
  Abe. As the duke ſaid,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleaſure
By me obey'd.
  Bra. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord *Montacute*; and the bodies
Of the duke's confeſſor, *John de-la-Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor,—
  Buc. So, ſo,
These are the limbs o'the plot: No more, I hope.
  Bra. A monk o'the *Chartreux*.
  Buc. O, *Nicholas Hopkins?*
  Bra. He.
  Buc. My ſurveyor is falſe; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold: my life is ſpan'd already:

25 Counſellor 29 O *Michael Hopkins.*

I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*;
Whoſe figure even this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. — My lord, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Council-Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, WOLSEY, *Lords,*
and others of the Council, (Sir Thomas Lovel, *one)*
Officers and Attendants. King enters leaning
on the Cardinal's Shoulder.

Kin. My life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'the level
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham*'s: in perſon
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify;
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

King takes his Seat under a State;
the Council theirs; the Cardinal placeth himſelf
under the King's Feet, on his right Side.
Noise within of crying, Room for the Queen.
Enter the Queen, *uſher'd by the Dukes of*
NORFOLK *and* Suffolk. *She kneels: King*
riseth from his State, and advances
towards her.

Que. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.
Kin. Ariſe, and take place by us: — Half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you aſk, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Que. Thank your majeſty.
That you would love yourſelf; and, in that love,

Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
Kin. Lady mine, proceed.
Que. I am ſollicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commiſſions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our maſter [not
(Whose honour heaven ſhield from ſoil!) even he eſcapes
Language unmannerly, yea, ſuch which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in deſperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.
Kin. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, ſir,
I know but of a ſingle part, in ought
Pertains to the ſtate; and front but in that file

Where others tell ſteps with me.
Que. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholeſome
To those which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my ſovereign would have note, they are
Moſt peſtilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is ſacrifice to the load: They ſay,
They are devis'd by you; or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Que. I am much too venturous,
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The ſubject's grief
Comes through commiſſions, which compel from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France:* This makes bold mouths:
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; nay, their curſes now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to paſs,
This tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed will. I would, your highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration; for
There is no primer buſineſs.
Kin. By my life,
This is againſt our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by

18 compels 28 baſeneſſe

A ſingle voice; and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,— which neither know
My faculties, nor perſon, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,— let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue muſt go through. We muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious cenſurers; which ever,
As ravenous fiſhes, do a veſſel follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft,
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt action. If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit, or ſit
State ſtatues only.
Kin. Things that are done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear;
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
The air will drink the ſap. To every county,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd

[2] approbation of the Judges: If

The force of this commiſſion: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. " A word with you." *[to an Att.*
" Let there be letters writ to every ſhire,"
" Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons"
" Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,"
" That, through our interceſſion, this revokement"
" And pardon comes: I ſhall anon adviſe you"
" Further in the proceeding." *[Exit Att.*
[Enter an Officer of the Council, with the Duke of Buckingham's *Surveyor.*
Que. I am ſorry, that the duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
Kin. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee,
When theſe ſo noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were fair: This man, ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with liſt'ning raviſh'd, could not find
His hour of ſpeech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof

15 Learn'd, and a 25 raviſh'd liſtning

We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold ſpirit relate what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speak freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was uſual with him, every day
It would infect his ſpeech, That, if the king
Should without iſſue dye, he'd carry it ſo
To make the ſcepter his: These very words
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord *Aberga'ny*; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wol. Pleaſe your highneſs, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh, to your high perſon
His will is moſt malignant; and it ſtretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Que. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.
Kin. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak ought?
Sur. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of *Nicholas Hopkins.*
Kin. What was that *Hopkins?*
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* friar,
His confeſſor; who fed him every minute
With words of ſovereignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your highneſs ſped to *France,*
The duke being at the roſe, within the pariſh

14 This dan— 25 *Henton.* 26 *Henton?*

Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey: I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger: Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, *that oft*, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de-la-Car, *my chaplain, a choice hour*
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the confeſſion's ſeal
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that, what he ſpoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter, with demure confidence
This pauſingly enſu'd,— Neither the king, nor his heirs,
Tell you the duke, ſhall proſper: bid him ſtrive
To gain *the love o'the commonalty; the duke*
Shall govern England.
Que. If I know you well,
You were the duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o'the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on:—
Go forward.
Sur. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous
To ruminate on this ſo far, until [for him
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,

4 feare 12 Commiſſions 30 For this

It was much like to do: He anſwer'd, *Tuſh!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The cardinal's, and ſir *Thomas Lovel*'s heads
Should have gone off.
Kin. Ha! what, ſo rank? Ah, ha!
There's miſchief in this man:—Can'ſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can, my liege.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your highneſs had reprov'd the duke
About ſir *William Blomer*,—
Kin. I remember
Of ſuch a time; he being my ſworn ſervant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?
Sur. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
To the tower, as I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: *who, being at* Salisbury,
Made ſuit to come in his presence; *which if granted,*
As he made ſemblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.
Kin. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?
Que. God mend all! [What ſay'ſt?
Kin. There's ſomething more would out of thee;
Sur. After—*the duke his father*,—with—*the knife*,—
He ſtretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on his breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go

---

[17] As to the Tower, I thought

His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to preſent trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Anti-room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *and Lord* SANDS.

Cha. Is't poſſible, the ſpells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
San. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cha. As far as I ſee, all the good, our *Engliſh*
Have got by the late voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'the face; but they are ſhrew'd ones;
For, when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly,
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To *Pepin*, or *Clotharius*, they keep ſtate ſo. [take it,
San. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would
That never ſaw them pace before, the ſpavin
And ſpring-halt reign'd among 'em.
Cha. Death! my lord,
Their cloaths are after ſuch a pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they have worn out chriſtendom. — How now?
Enter Sir Thomas LOVEL.
What news, ſir *Thomas Lovel?*
Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation

24 ſee 'em 25 A Spring- 27 too't

That's clap'd upon the court gate.
Cha. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cha. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monſieurs
To think an *Engliſh* courtier may be wise,
And never ſee the *Louvre*.
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
Short bolſter'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And underſtand again like honeſt men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
San. 'Tis time to give 'em physick, their diseases
Are grown ſo catching.
Cha. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the ſly whorſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies;
A *French* ſong, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
San. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're going;
(For, ſure, there's no converting of 'em) now
An honeſt country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-ſong,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current muſick too.
Cha. Well ſaid, lord *Sands*;
Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet.
San. No, my lord;
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
Cha. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordſhip is a gueſt too.
Cha. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.
Cha. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that ſaid other of him.
San. He may, my lord, he has where-withal; in him,
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They are ſet here for examples.
Cha. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones. My barge ſtays;
Your lordſhip ſhall along: — Come, good ſir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe; which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with ſir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.
San. I am your lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall in* York-*Place.*

Muſick. Banquet ſet out: Table under a State
for the Cardinal. Enter a great Company of Lords,
Ladies, &c. *and* ANNE BULLEN: *to them,*
Sir Henry GUILFORD.

Gui. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry,
As firſt-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you're tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, *Lord* SANDS,
and Sir Thomas LOVEL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.
Cha. You are young, ſir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of these
Should find a running banquet ere they reſted,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of these!
San. I would, I were;
They ſhould find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
San. As easy as a down bed would afford it.
Cha. Sweet ladies, will it please you ſit? — Sir *Harry*,
Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this;
His grace is entring. — Nay, you muſt not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather: —
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking,

10 firſt, good

Pray, ſit between theſe ladies.
SAN. By my faith,
And thank your lordſhip.—By your leave, ſweet ladies:
[*ſeating himſelf between* Anne Bullen, *and another Lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
ANN. Was he mad, ſir?
SAN. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; juſt as I do † now,
He would kiſs you twenty with a breath.
Cha. Well ſaid, my lord.—
So, now you're fairly ſeated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair ladies
Paſs away frowning.
SAN. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Flouriſh. Enter WOLSEY, *attended;*
and takes his State.

WOL. You're welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*drinks.*
SAN. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
WOL. My lord *Sands,*
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
SAN. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

ANN. You are a merry gameſter,
My lord *Sands.*
SAN. Yes, if I may choose my play.
Here's to your ladiſhip: and pledge it, madam;
For 'tis to ſuch a thing,—
ANN. You cannot ſhew me.
SAN. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Trumpets within: Chambers diſcharg'd.*
WOL. What's that?
Cha. Look out there, ſome of you. [*Exit an Att.*
WOL. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're priviledg'd.
Re-enter Attendant.
Cha. How now? what is't?
Att. A noble troop of ſtrangers;
For ſo they ſeem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambaſſadors
From foreign princes.
WOL. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can ſpeak the *French* tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended.*
Company riſe: Tables remov'd.
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all: and, once more,
I ſhower a welcome on you; welcome, all.
Flouriſh. Enter King, *and Others, as Maſkers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord* Chamberlain: *They paſs directly before the Cardinal,*

3 I make my

and gracefully ſalute him.
A noble company: What are their pleaſures?
Cha. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh*, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace; — That, having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, [them
They have done my poor houſe grace; for which I pay
A thouſand thanks, and pray them take their pleaſures.
[*Muſick. Dance form'd: King chooſes* Anne Bullen.
Kin. The faireſt hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cha. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em, by his perſon,
More worthy this place than myſelf; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would ſurrender it.
Cha. I will, my lord. [*whiſpers the Maſkers.*
Wol. What ſay they?
Cha. Such a one, they all confeſs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me ſee then: — [*comes from his State.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; — Here I'll make
My royal choice.
Kin. You have found him, cardinal: [*unmaſking.*

You hold a fair aſſembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I ſhould judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown ſo pleasant.
Kin. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither; What fair lady's that? [ghter,
Cha. An't please your grace, ſir *Thomas Bullen*'s dau-
The viſcount *Rochford*, one of her highneſs' women.
Kin. By heaven, ſhe is a dainty one. — Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiſs you. — A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, is the banquet ready
I' the privy-camber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's freſher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
Kin. Lead in your ladies, every one: — Sweet partner
I muſt not yet forſake you: — Let's be merry; —
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's beſt in favour. — Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt. Loud Musick.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1. *G.* Whither away ſo faſt, ſir?
2. *G.* O,— God ſave you!
Even to the hall, to hear what ſhall become
Of the great duke of *Buckingham.*
1. *G.* I'll ſave you
That labour, ſir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the priſoner.
2. *G.* Were you there?
1. *G.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2. *G.* Pray, ſpeak, what has happen'd?
1. *G.* You may gueſs quickly what.
2. *G.* Is he found guilty?
1. *G.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2. *G.* I am ſorry for't.
1. *G.* So are a number more.
2. *G.* But, pray, how paſſ'd it?
1. *G.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accuſations
He pleaded ſtill, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd againſt him, his ſurveyor;
Sir *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor; and *John Car*,
Confeſſor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.
2. *G.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

26 To him brought

1. *G*. The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly: which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not;
And ſo his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pity'd in him, or forgotten.
2. *G*. After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1. *G*. When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelf again, and, ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2. *G*. I do not think, he fears death.
1. *G*. Sure, he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2. *G*. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
1. *G*. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: firſt, *Kildare*'s attainder,
Then deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.
2. *G*. That trick of ſtate
Was a deep envious one.
1. *G*. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal inſtantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

22 Attendure

2. *G*. All the commons
Hate him pernicioufly, and, o'my conſcience,
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous *Buckingham*,
The mirror of all courteſy:
1. *G*. Stay there, ſir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment*;
Tip-ſtaves before him, the Axe with the Edge towards him, Halberds on each Side: with him,
Sir Thomas LOVEL, *Sir* Nicholas VAUX,
and Others, and common People.

2. *G*. Let's ſtand cloſe, and behold him.
Buc. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; Yet heaven bear witneſs,
And, if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice;
But those, that ſought it, I could wiſh more chriſtians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
But let 'em look they glory not in miſchief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave

Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my ſoul to heaven. — Lead on, o'God's name.
Lov. I do beſeech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buc. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water ſide I muſt conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to ſir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vau. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: ſee, the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture, as ſuits
The greatneſs of his perſon.
Buc. Nay, ſir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high conſtable,
And duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*:

[12] me, that I [13] make my

Yet I am richer than my baſe accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now ſeal it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt usurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſſ'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the ſeventh ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal prince,
Reſtor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble: Now his ſon,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our ſervants, by those men we lov'd moſt;
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counſels,
Be ſure, you be not looſe; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people,
Pray for me; I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel:
And when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,

Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

1. *G.* O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads,
That were the authors.

2. *G.* If the duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1. *G.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, ſir?

2. *G.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1. *G.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2. *G.* I am confident;
You ſhall, ſir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a ſeparation
Between the king and *Catherine?*

1. *G.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the lord mayor, ſtraight
To ſtop the rumour, and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.

2. *G.* But that ſlander, ſir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, poſſeſſ'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately;

As all think, for this buſineſs.
1. *G.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his aſking,
The arch-biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. *G.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. *G.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here, to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The King's Anti-chamber.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading.*

Cha. My lord, The horſes your lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd: They were young, and handſome; and of the beſt breed in the north. When they were ready to ſet out for London, *a man of my lord cardinal's, by commiſſion, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reaſon, — His maſter would be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the king: which ſtop'd our mouths, ſir.*
I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have 'em;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk, *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord chamberlain.
Cha. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cha. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cauſe?

Cha. It ſeems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.
Suf. No, his conſcience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he liſts. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.
Nor. How holily he works in all this buſineſs!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the king's ſoul; and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears, and deſpairs, and all these for his marriage.
And, out of all these to reſtore the king,
He counſels a divorce: a loſs of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the king: And is not this courſe pious?
Cha. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſel! 'Tis moſt true,
These news are every where; every tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, ſee his main end,
The *French* king's ſiſter. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his ſlavery.

8 liſt 10 all his 29 ſee this

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pinch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, ſo I'll ſtand,
If the king please; his curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in:
I knew him, and I know him; ſo I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And, with ſome other buſineſs, put the king
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cha. Excuse me;
The king hath ſent me other-where: beſides,
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturb him:
Health to your lordſhips.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain,
[*Exit* Chamberlain.
They go towards the Door: Door opens;
and the King *is diſcover'd, ſitting to a Table,*
penſively, and reading.
Suf. How ſad he looks! ſure, he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? ha? [*ſtarting up.*
Nor. I pray God, he be not angry.
Kin. Who's there, I ſay? How dare you thruſt yourſelves
Into my private meditations?

7 pitch.

Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is buſineſs of eſtate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleaſure.
Kin. You're too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of buſineſs:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —
Enter Wolsey, *with* Campeius.
Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded conſcience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,
Moſt learned reverend ſir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it: — My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
Kin. We are buſy; go. [*to* Nor. *and* Suf.
Nor. " This prieſt has no pride in him?"
Suf. " Not to ſpeak of;"
" I would not be ſo ſick though, for his place:"
" But this can not continue."
Nor. " If it do,"
" I'll venture one heave at him."
Suf. " I another." [*Exeunt* Nor. *and* Suf.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wiſdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voice of chriſtendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Muſt now confeſs, if they have any goodneſs,

The trial juſt and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in chriſtian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: *Rome*, the nurſe of judgment,
Invited by your noble ſelf, hath ſent
One general tongue unto us, this † good man,
This juſt and learned prieſt, cardinal *Campeius*;
Whom, once more, I preſent unto your highneſs.
Kin. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have ſent me ſuch a man I would have wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your grace muſt needs deſerve all ſtrangers'
You are ſo noble: To your highneſs' hand [loves,
I tender my † commiſſion; by whoſe virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) — you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me their ſervant,
In the unpartial judging of this buſineſs.
Kin. Two equal men: The queen ſhall be acquainted,
Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know, your majeſty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of leſs place might aſk by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. Ay, and the beſt ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt; God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new ſecretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* Wolsey.
Re-enter Wolsey, *with* Gardiner. [you;"
Wol. "Give me your hand; much joy and favour to
"You are the king's now."
Gar. "But to be commanded"
"For ever by your grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me."
Kin. Come hither, *Gardiner.* [*talk apart.*

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him ?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?
Wol. Yes, ſurely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
Even of yourſelf, lord cardinal.
Wol. How ! of me ?
Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him ;
And, fearing he would rise, he was ſo virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man ſtill : which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That's chriſtian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : That † good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
Kin. Deliver this with modeſty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receipt of learning, is *Black-friars* ;
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty busineſs : —
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. — O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So ſweet a bed-fellow ? But, conſcience, conſcience, —
O, 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Queen's Anti-chamber.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.* [es ;
Ann. Not for that neither ; Here's the pang that pinch-

His highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her; and ſhe
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—o, now, after
So many courſes of the ſun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majeſty and pomp,—the which
To leave, 's a thouſand fold more bitter, than
'Tis ſweet at firſt to acquire,—after this proceſs
To give her the avant! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.
o. L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
ANN. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoul and body's ſevering.
o. L. Alas, poor lady!
She's ſtranger now again.
ANN. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her: Verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſtering grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
o. L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
ANN. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
o. L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy:

You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might please to ſtretch it.
ANN. Nay, good troth,— [queen?
o. L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a
ANN. No, not for all the riches under heaven. [me,
o. L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd now would hire
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
ANN. No, in truth.
o. L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
ANN. How you do talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
o. L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf
Would for *Carnarvonſhire*, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.
Cha. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth, to know
The ſecret of your conference?
ANN. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your aſking:

Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.
Cha. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.
Ann. Now I pray God, amen!
Cha. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and that high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, The king's majeſty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than marchioneſs of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thouſand pound a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.
Ann. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wiſhes,
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid, to his highneſs;
Whoſe health, and royalty, I pray for.
Cha. Lady,
I ſhall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you. "I have peruſ'd her well;"
"Beauty and honour in her are ſo mingl'd,"
"That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,"
"But from this lady may proceed a jem,"
"To lighten all this iſle?" I'll to the king,
And ſay, I ſpoke with you.
Ann. My honour'd lord,— [*Exit* Chamberlain.

o. L. Why, this it is; ſee, ſee!
I have been begging ſixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, (o fate!)
A very freſh fiſh here, (fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
ANN. This is ſtrange to me.
o. L. How taſts it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a lady once, ('tis an old ſtory)
That would not be a queen, that would ſhe not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; Have you heard it?
ANN. Come, you are pleaſant.
o. L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioneſs of *Pembroke!*
A thouſand pounds a year! for pure reſpect·
No other obligation· by my life,
That promiſes more thouſands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-ſkirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a dutcheſs; Say,
Are you not ſtronger than you were?
ANN. Good lady,
Make yourſelf mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetful
In our long abſence: Pray, do not deliver,
What here you have heard, to her.
o. L. What do you think of me? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall in* Black-friars.

Trumpets, &c. *Enter two Vergers, with ſhort*
ſilver Wands; *next them, two* Scribes, *in the Habit*
of Doctors; *after them, the Biſhops of* LINCOLN,
Ely, Rocheſter, *and Saint* Aſaph; *after them,*
the Arch-biſhop of Canterbury, *alone.*
Flouriſh, and Enter a Gentleman, bearing
the Purſe with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat;
then, two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver Croſs; *then, a*
Gentleman-uſher, bare-headed, accompany'd with
a Serjeant at Arms; *then, two Gentlemen, bearing*
two great ſilver Pillars; *after them, Side by Side,*
the two Cardinals, WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.
The Cardinals take their Seats upon Benches prepar'd
for them in the Front; *the Biſhops, theirs on each Side*;
below them, the Scribes; *Cryer, and other Officers,*
ſtanding in convenient Order about the Court.
Flouriſh. Enter the King,
and his Train, and takes his Seat under a State
upon the right Hand: then, Enter the Queen, *and*
her Train, and takes hers under another State
upon the left. The Court riſes upon the Entry
of the King and Queen; *who ſeated, they*
are ſeated likewiſe.

Wol. Whilſt our commiſſion from *Rome* is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
Kin. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides the authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be it ſo: — Proceed.

Scr. Say, *Henry,* king of *England,* come into the court.

Cry. *Henry* king of *England,* &c.

Kin. Here.

Scr. Say, *Catherine,* queen of *England,* come into the court.

Cry. *Catherine,* queen of *England,* &c.

[Queen *rises; goes about the Court toward the King's Chair, and kneels at his Feet.*

Que. Sir, I desire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me: for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equal friendſhip and proceeding. Alas, ſir,
In what have I offended you? what cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſs,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your countenance; glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire;
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence diſcharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been bleſt
With many children by you: If, in the courſe
And proceſs of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine honour ought,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Againſt your ſacred perſon, In God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'ſt contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharpeſt kind of juſtice. Please you, ſir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince moſt prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment; *Ferdinand*,
My father, king of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiseſt prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this buſineſs,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you, ſir, to ſpare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counſel
I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of ſingular integrity, and learning,
Yea, the elect o'the land, who are aſſembl'd
To plead your cause: It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettl'd in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath ſpoken well, and juſtly: Therefore, madam,

It's fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Que. Lord cardinal,—
To you I ſpeak:
Wol. Your pleaſure, madam?
Que. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd ſo) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Que. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You ſhall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs,
You ſpeak not like yourſelf; who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd the effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no ſpleen againſt you; nor injuſtice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,

Yea, the whole conſiſtory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is preſent; If it be known to him,
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſhood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth: But if he know,
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him,
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove theſe thoughts from you: The which before
His highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Que. My lord, my lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;
To oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
You ſign your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility: but your heart
Is cram'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domeſticks to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual: That again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his holineſs,
And to be judg'd by him. [*curtſies to the King, and is going.*
CAM. The queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and

Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.
Kin. Call her again.
Cry. *Catherine*, queen of *England*, come into the court.
g. U. Madam, you are call'd back.
Que. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience! — pray you, paſs on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this buſineſs, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exeunt* Queen, *and her Train.*
Kin. Go thy ways, *Kate:*
That man i'the world, who ſhall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſs,
Thy meekneſs ſaint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious elſe, could ſpeak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens: — She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, ſhe has
Carry'd herſelf towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious ſir,
In humbleſt manner I require your highneſs,
That it ſhall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am rob'd, and bound,
There muſt I be unlooſ'd; although not there
At once and fully ſatiſfy'd) whether ever I
Did broach this buſineſs to your highneſs; or
Lay'd any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't? or ever

Have to you,—but with thanks to God for ſuch
A royal lady,—ſpoke one the leaſt word, might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent ſtate,
Or touch of her good perſon?
Kin. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by ſome of theſe
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtify'd? you ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs; never
Desir'd it to be ſtir'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The paſſages made toward it:—on my honour,
I ſpeak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention;
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed [to't:—
My conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſs,
Scruple, and prick, on certain ſpeeches utter'd
By the biſhop of *Bayonne*, then *French* ambaſſador;
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I'the progreſs of this buſineſs,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the biſhop) did require a reſpite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This reſpite ſhook
The bosom of my conſcience, enter'd me,

2 word that might 24 And Mar- 31 Sometimes

Yea, with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings did throng
And preſſ'd in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, ſhould
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male iſſue
Or dy'd where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the beſt heir o' the world, ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throw. Thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectify my conſcience,—which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—Firſt, I began in private
With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
How under my oppreſſion I did reek,
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

Kin. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay
How far you ſatiſfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,—

Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel, which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.
Kin. I then mov'd you,
My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
To make this preſent ſummons:—Unſolicited
I left no reverend perſon in this court;
But by particular conſent proceeded,
Under your hands and ſeals. Therefore, go on;
For no diſlike i'the world againſt the perſon
Of our good queen, but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons, drives this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal ſtate to come, with her,
Catherine our queen, before the primeſt creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.
Cam. So pleaſe your highneſs,
The queen being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſs
That we adjourn this court 'till further day:
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holineſs.
Kin. " I may perceive,"
" These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor"
" This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*."
" My learn'd and well-beloved ſervant, *Cranmer*,"
" Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,"
" My comfort comes along."—Break up the court;
I ſay, ſet on. [*Exeunt, in Manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

Queen, *and certain of her Women, at Work.*

Que. Take thy lute, wench: my ſoul grows ſad with [troubles;
Sing, and diſperſe them, if thou can'ſt: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus *with his lute made trees,*
and the mountain tops, that freeze,
bow themſelves, when he did ſing:
to his muſick, plants, and flowers,
ever ſprung; as ſun, and ſhowers,
there had made a laſting ſpring.

II. St.

Every thing that heard him play,
e'en the billows of the ſea,
hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſick is ſuch art;
killing care, and grief of heart,
fall aſleep, or, hearing, dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Que. How now?

Gen. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Que. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gen. They will'd me ſay ſo, madam.

Que. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gen.] What can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, faln from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They ſhould be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highneſs!
Que. Your graces find me here part of a huswife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.
Que. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo even: If your buſineſs
Seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. *Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas, Regina ſereniſſima,*—
Que. O, good my lord, no *Latin*;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious;
Pray, ſpeak in *Engliſh*: here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake;
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in *Engliſh*.

20 Wife in

Wol. Noble lady,
I am ſorry, my integrity ſhould breed
(And ſervice to his majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accuſation,
To taint that honour every good tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.
Cam. Moſt honour'd madam,
My lord of *York*,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your grace;
Forgetting (like a good man) your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace,
His ſervice, and his counſel.
Que. "To betray me."—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men, (pray God, ye prove ſo!)
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer,
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs:
For her ſake that I have been, (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counſel, for my cauſe;

Alas, I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.
  Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these [fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
  Que. In *England!*
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any *Engliſhman* dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainſt his highneſs' pleaſure,
(Though he be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And live a ſubject? Nay, forſooth, my friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
  Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counſel.
  Que. How, ſir?
  Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and moſt gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'er-take you,
You'll part away diſgrac'd.
  Wol. He tells you rightly.
  Que. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruin:
Is this your chriſtian counſel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.
  Cam. Your rage miſtakes us.
  Que. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my ſoul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal ſins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?

A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,
I have more charity: But ſay, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's ſake, take heed, leſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a meer diſtraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Que. Ye turn me into nothing; Woe upon ye,
And all ſuch falſe profeſſors! Would you have me
(If you have any juſtice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my ſick cauſe into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he has baniſh'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedneſs? all your ſtudies
Make me a curſe like this.
Cam. Your fears are worſe.
Que. Have I liv'd thus long (let me ſpeak myſelf,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare ſay, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my prayers, to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her huſband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour,— a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Que. My lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Que. 'Would I had never trod this *Engliſh* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.—
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almoſt, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
That once was miſtreſs of the field, and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honeſt,
You'd feel more comfort: Why ſhould we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to cure ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em.
For goodneſs' ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage:
The hearts of princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it; but, to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell, and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble, temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profeſs, peace-makers, friends, and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo. You wrong your virtues
With theſe weak women's fears: A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you loſe it not: For us, if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs, we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice. [me,
Que. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his majeſty:
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Beſtow your counſels on me: ſhe now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in the King's Apartment.*

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers

Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon,
Out of himſelf?
Cha. My lords, you ſpeak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His ſpell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettl'd,
Not to come off, in his diſpleasure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miſcarry'd,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holineſs
To ſtay the judgment o'the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do,* quoth he, *perceive,*

My king is tangl'd in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cha. The king in this perceives him, how he coaſts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his phyſick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath marry'd the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my lord;
For, I profeſs, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature: I perſuade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digeſt this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more waſps that buz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is ſtolen away to *Rome*; hath ta'en no leave;

Has left the cauſe o'the king unhandl'd; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.
Cha. Now, God incenſe him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns *Cranmer?*
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have ſatiſfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colledges
Almoſt in chriſtendom: ſhortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. *Catherine* no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princeſs dowager,
And widow to prince *Arthur.*
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's buſineſs.
Suf. He has; and we ſhall ſee him,
For it, an arch-biſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.
The cardinal—

Enter, at a diſtant Part of the Room, WOLSEY, *and* CROMWEL.

Nor. Observe, obſerve, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, *Cromwel,*
Gave't you the king?
Cro. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.
Wol. Look'd he o'the inſide of the paper?
Cro. Preſently

He did unſeal them: and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, my lord, he bad
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Cro. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* Cromwel.
It ſhall be to the dutcheſs of *Alenson*,
The *French* king's ſiſter: he ſhall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him:
There's more in't than fair viſage.—*Bullen!*
No, we'll no *Bullens*.—Speedily I wiſh
To hear from *Rome*.—The marchioneſs of *Pembroke!*
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice! [daughter!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs; the queen's queen!
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
Then, out it goes. What though I know her vertuous,
And well deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'the boſom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething. [ſtring,
Sur. I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the

The maſter cord of's heart.
Enter King, *turning over ſome Papers;*
Sir Thomas Lovel *attending.*
Suf. The king, the king.
Kin. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him: Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; ſtraight,
Springs out into faſt gait; then, ſtops again,
Strikes his breaſt hard; and then, anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.
Kin. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conſcience, put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich ſtuffs, and ornaments of houſhold; which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.
Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.
Kin. If we did think,

His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual object, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His ſerious conſidering. [*takes his Seat; and whiſpers* Lovel, *who goes to the Cardinal.*

Wol. Heaven forgive me! —
Ever God bleſs your highneſs!

Kin. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time,
To think upon the part of buſineſs, which
I bear i' the ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.

Kin. You have ſaid well.

Wol. And ever may your highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying.

Kin. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to ſay well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He ſaid, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,

I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. "What ſhould this mean?"
Sur. "The lord increaſe this buſineſs!"
Kin. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What ſay you?
Wol. My ſovereign, I confeſs, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My ſtudy'd purpoſes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires;
Yet fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.
Kin. Fairly anſwer'd;
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart drop'd love, my pow'r rain'd honour, more

On you, than any; ſo your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
  Wol. I do profeſs,
That for your highneſs' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.
  Kin. 'Tis nobly ſpoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't.—Read o'er ‡ this;
And, after, ‡ this: and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you have.
  [*Exit* King, *frowning upon the Cardinal; the Nobles throng after him, ſmiling, and whiſpering.*
  Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this † paper;
I fear, the ſtory of his anger. 'Tis ſo;
This paper has undone me: 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And ſee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! what croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this † — *To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to his holineſs. Nay then, farewel!
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting: I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great ſeal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourſelf
To *Eſher*-houſe, my lord of *Wincheſter*'s,
'Till you hear further from his highneſs.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commiſſion, lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo weighty.

Suf. Who dare croſs 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expreſſly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what baſe metal ye are molded, envy:
How eagerly ye follow my diſgraces,

As if it fed ye? and how ſleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courſes, men of malice;
You have chriſtian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That ſeal,
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the king
(Mine, and your maſter) with his own hand gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieſt.
Wol. Proud lord, thou ly'ſt;
Within these forty hours *Surrey* durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, rob'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You ſent me deputy for *Ireland*;
Far from his ſuccour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'ſt him;
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The duke by law
Found his deſerts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever-royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.
  Sur. By my ſoul,
Your long coat, prieſt, protects you; thou ſhould'ſt feel
My ſword i' the life-blood of thee elſe.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of ſcarlet,
Farewel nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
  Wol. All goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy ſtomach.
  Sur. Yes, that goodneſs
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodneſs of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, againſt the king: your goodneſs,
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.—
My lord of *Norfolk*,—as you are truly noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the ſtate
Of our deſpis'd nobility, our iſſues,
Who, if he live, will ſcarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand ſum of his ſins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll ſtartle you
Worſe than the ſacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kiſſing in your arms, lord cardinal.
  Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpise this man,

But that I am bound in charity againſt it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.
Wol. Speak on, ſir;
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is, to ſee a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
Firſt, that, without the king's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your ſervant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambaſſador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great ſeal.
Sur. Item, you ſent a large commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſalis*, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the ſtate's allowance,
A league between his highneſs and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That, out of meer ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be ſtampt on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cha. O my lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleaſure is,—
Becauſe all thoſe things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compaſs of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſu'd againſt you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: This is my charge.
Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The king ſhall know it, and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt* Nobles.
Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel, to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;

16 Legative

The third day, comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And,—when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
These many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpéct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWEL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, *Cromwel?*
Cro. I have no power to ſpeak, ſir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my miſſortunes? can thy ſpirit wonder,
A great man ſhould decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am faln indeed.
Cro. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwel.*
I know myſelf now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these ſhoulders,

6 This 14 we

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would ſink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. [of it.
Cro. I am glad, your grace has made that right uſe
Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel)
To endure more miſeries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Cro. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the king.
Wol. God bleſs him!
Cro. The next is, that ſir *Thomas More* is choſen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's ſomewhat ſudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highneſs' favour, and do juſtice
For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em.
What more?
Cro. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome,
Inſtall'd lord arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Cro. Laſt, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation. [*Cromwel*,
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories

In that one woman I have loſt for ever:
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwel*;
I am a poor faln man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter: Seek the king;
(That ſun, I pray, may never ſet!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will ſtir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too: Good *Cromwel*,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.
Cro. O my lord,
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?—
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaves his lord.—
The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
Wol. *Cromwel*, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, *Cromwel*;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be;
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more muſt be heard of,—ſay, I taught thee,
Say, *Wolſey*,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels, How can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt: cheriſh those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, o *Cromwel*,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Cro. Good ſir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1. *G.* You are well met once again.
2. *G.* And ſo are you.
1. *G.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The lady *Anne* paſs from her coronation?
2. *G.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,

The duke of *Buckingham* came from his trial.
1. *G.* 'Tis very true: But that time offer'd ſorrow;
This, general joy.
2. *G.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am ſure, have ſhewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.
1. *G.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll aſſure you, better taken, ſir.
2. *G.* May I be bold to aſk what that contains,
That † paper in your hand?
1. *G.* Yes; 'tis the liſt
Of those, that claim their offices this day
By cuſtom of the coronation.
The duke of *Suffolk* is the firſt, and claims
To be high ſteward; next, the duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be earl marſhal: you may read the reſt.
2. *G.* I thank you, ſir; had I not known these cuſtoms,
I ſhould have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beſeech you, what's become of *Catherine*,
The princeſs dowager? how goes her buſineſs?
1. *G.* That I can tell you too, ſir. The arch-biſhop
Of *Canterbury*, accompany'd with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at *Dunſtable*, ſix miles off
From *Ampthill*, where the princeſs lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be ſhort, for not appearance, and
The king's late ſcruple, by the main aſſent
Of all these learned men ſhe was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:

Since which, ſhe was removed to *Kymbolton*;
Where ſhe remains now, ſick.

2. *G.* Alas, good lady! — *[Trumpets.*
The trumpets ſound: ſtand cloſe, the queen is coming.

Order of the Proceſſion.

A lively Flouriſh of Trumpets. Then, Enter,

1. *two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with Purſe and Mace before him.*
3. *Choriſters ſinging.* *[Muſick.*
4. *Mayor of* London, *bearing the Mace: then,* Garter, *in his Coat of Arms, on his Head a gilt copper Crown.*
5. *Marquis* Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his Head a demi-Coronal of Gold: with him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward: with him, the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his Head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A Canopy, born by four of the* Cinque-ports; *under it, the Queen, rob'd, in her Hair richly adorn'd with Pearl, crown'd: on each Side her, the Biſhops of* London *and* Wincheſter.
8. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a Coronal of Gold wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
9. *Certain Ladies, or Counteſſes, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*

2. *G.* A royal train, believe me. These I know;
Who's that, that bears the ſcepter?

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[1] Kymmalton

1. *G.* Marquis *Dorſet:*
And that the earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.
2. *G.* A bold brave gentleman. That next ſhould be
The duke of *Suffolk*.
1. *G.* 'Tis the ſame; high ſteward.
2. *G.* And that my lord of *Norfolk?*
1. *G.* Yes.
2. *G.* Heaven bleſs thee!
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our king has all the *Indies* in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:
I cannot blame his conſcience.
1. *G.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the *Cinque-ports*.
2. *G.* Those men are happy; and ſo are all, are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutcheſs of *Norfolk*.
1. *G.* It is; and all the reſt are counteſſes.
2. *G.* Their coronets ſay ſo. These are ſtars, indeed;
And, ſometimes, falling ones.
1. *G.* No more of that.
[*Exit Proceſſion. A great Flouriſh of Trumpets. Enter a third* Gentleman.
2. *G.* God ſave you, ſir! and where have you been broiling?
3. *G.* Among the croud i'the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meer rankneſs of their joy.
2. *G.* You ſaw

The ceremony?
3. *G.* That I did.
1. *G.* How was it?
3. *G.* Well worth the ſeeing.
2. *G.* Good ſir, ſpeak it to us.
3. *G.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her grace ſat down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate, opposing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people.
Believe me, ſir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noise aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt: Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preaſe,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, *That is my wife*, there; all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.
2. *G.* But, pray, what follow'd?
3. *G.* At length, her grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar; where ſhe kneel'd, and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, *Edward* confeſſor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choiceſt muſick of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deam*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To *York*-place, where the feaſt is held.
  1. *G.* Good ſir,
You muſt no more call it *York*-place, that's paſt;
For, ſince the cardinal fell, that title's loſt;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—*Whitehall.*
  3. *G.* I know it;
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
  2. *G.* What two reverend biſhops
Were thoſe, that went on each ſide of the queen?
  3. *G.* *Stokesly*, and *Gardiner*; the one, of *Wincheſter*,
(Newly prefer'd from the king's ſecretary)
The other, *London.*
  2. *G.* He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good lover of the arch-biſhop's,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.
  3. *G.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.
  2. *G.* Who may that be, I pray you.
  3. *G.* *Thomas Cromwel*;
A man in much eſteem wi' the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him maſter
O' the jewel-houſe, and one o' the privy-council.
  2. *G.* He will deserve more,

31 one already of

3. *G.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ſhall be my gueſts;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
1. 2. You may command us, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Kymbolton.

A Room in one of the royal Seats.
Enter CATHARINE, *Dowager, ſick; led between*
GRIFFITH *her gentleman-Uſher, and*
PATIENCE *her Woman.*

GRI. How does your grace?
CAT. O, *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a chair;
So, † now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe.
Didſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal *Wolſey*,
Was dead?
GRI. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.
CAT. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he ſtep'd before me, hapily,
For my example.
GRI. Well, the voice goes, madam.
For after the ſtout earl *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.
CAT. Alas, poor man!

---

3 there ye ſhall

Gri. At laſt, with easy roads, he came to *Leiceſter*,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,— *O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.
So went to bed: where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold, ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.
Cat. So may he reſt; his faults lye gently on him!
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomack, ever ranking
Himſelf with princes; one, that by ſuggeſtion
Tyth'd all the kingdom: ſimony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would ſay untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Gri. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?

---

20 Ty'de

CAT. Yes, good *Griffith*;
I were malicious elſe.
GRI. This cardinal,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair ſpoken, and perſuading:
Lofty, and ſour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatiſfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich, and *Oxford:* one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it;
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo rising,
That chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.
CAT. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth, and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me ſtill; and ſet me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good *Griffith*,

Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my knell, whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.
[*Woman composes her. Sad and ſolemn Muſick.*

GRI. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her: ſoftly, gentle *Patience.*

Enter (as in Viſion) ſolemnly, tripping one after another, ſix Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their Hands. They firſt congee unto her, then dance: and, at certain Changes, the two firſt hold a ſpare Garland over her Head; at which, the other four make reverend Curtſies: Then the two, that held the Garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two; who obſerve the ſame Order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her Head: Which done, they deliver the ſame Garland to the laſt two; who likewiſe obſerve the ſame Order. At which, (as it were by Inſpiration) ſhe makes, in her Sleep, Signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to Heaven. And ſo in their dancing they vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them.

CAT. Spirits of peace, [*ſtarting out of her Sleep*] where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?

GRI. Madam, we are here.

CAT. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, ſince I ſlept?

GRI. None, madam.

CAT. No? Saw you not, even now, a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs;

And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall,
Aſſuredly.

GRI. I am moſt joyful, madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſseſs your fancy.

CAT. Bid the muſick leave,
They are harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

PAT. " Do you note,"
" How much her grace is alter'd on the ſudden?"
" How long her face is drawn? How pale ſhe looks,"
" And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?"

GRI. " She is going, wench; pray, pray."

PAT. " Heaven comfort her!"

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. An't like your grace,—

CAT. You are a ſaucy fellow;
Deſerve we no more reverence?

GRI. You're to blame,
Knowing ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Gen. I humbly do entreat your highneſs' pardon;
My haſte made me unmannerly: There is ſtaying
A gentleman, ſent from the king, to ſee you.

CAT. Admit him entrance, *Griffith:* But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exeunt* GRI. *and* Gen.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be lord ambaſſador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name *Capucius.*

CAP. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.

CAT. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd ſtrangely

With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your grace; the next,
The king's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Cat. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle phyſick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highneſs?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Cat. So may he ever do! and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the kingdom! _ *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No, madam. [*reaching it.*
Cat. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliver
This † to my lord the king:
Cap. Moſt willingly, madam.
Cat. In which I have commended to his goodneſs
The model of our chaſt loves, his young daughter: —
The dews of heaven fall thick in bleſſings on her! —
Beſeeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope, ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I ſhould not lie) but will deſerve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty, and decent carriage,
A right good huſband; let him be a noble;
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is, for my men;—they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly pay'd 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: And, good my lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this laſt right.
CAP. By heaven, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man.
CAT. I thank you, honeſt lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highneſs:
Say, his long trouble now is paſſing from him
Out of this world; tell him, in death I bleſſ'd him,
For ſo I will.— Mine eyes grow dim.— Farewel,
My lord —*Griffith*, farewel.— Nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſt wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* Catherine.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a* Page *with a Torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas LOVEL.

GAR. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Pag. It hath ſtrook.
GAR. These ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waſte these times.—Good hour of night, ſir *Thomas!*
Whither ſo late?
LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?
GAR. I did, ſir *Thomas*; and left him at primero
With the duke of *Suffolk.*
LOV. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
GAR. Not yet, ſir *Thomas Lovel.* What's the matter?
It ſeems, you are in haſte: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs: Affairs, that walk
(As, they ſay, ſpirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.
LOV. My lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; and fear'd,

She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit, ſhe goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the ſtock, ſir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grub'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conſcience ſays
She's a good creature, and, ſweet lady, does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.
Gar. But, ſir, ſir,—
Hear me, ſir *Thomas:* you're a gentleman
Of mine own way, I know you wiſe, religious;
And let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, ſir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,—
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, ſir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i'the kingdom. As for *Cromwel*,—
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he is made maſter
O 'the rolls, and the king's ſecretary; further, ſir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-biſhop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gar. Yes, yes, ſir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I myſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incenſ'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch heretick, a peſtilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved,

22 the Lime

Have broken with the king; who hath ſo far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace,
And princely care; fore-ſeeing those fell miſchiefs,
Our reasons lay'd before him) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, ſir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, ſir *Thomas*.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I reſt your ſervant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER, *and* Page. *As* Lovel *is going out*,
Enter the King, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK,
as new risen from Play.
Kin. *Charles*, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
Kin. But little, *Charles*;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, *Lovel*, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In the great'ſt humbleneſs, and deſir'd your highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
Kin. What ſay'ſt thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is ſhe crying out? [made
Lov. So ſaid her woman; and that her ſufferance
Almoſt each pang a death.
Kin. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the glading of
Your highneſs with an heir!
Kin. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*,

Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The eſtate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
Kin. *Charles*, good night. — [*Exit* Suffolk.
Enter Sir Antony Denny.
Well, ſir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-biſhop,
As you commanded me.
Kin. Ha! *Canterbury?*
Den. Ay, my good lord.
Kin. 'Tis true: Where is he, *Denny?*
Den. He attends your highneſs' pleasure.
Kin. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. "This is about that which the biſhop ſpake;"
"I am happily come hither."
Re-enter Denny, *with* Cranmer.
Kin. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel *ſeemeth to ſtay.*] Ha!
I have ſaid. Begone.
What! [*Exeunt* Lovel, *and* Denny.
Cra. "I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?"
"'Tis his aſpéct of terror. All's not well."
Kin. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I ſent for you.
Cra. It is my duty,
To attend your highneſs' pleasure.
Kin. Pray you, ariſe,
My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury.*
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak,
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge yourſelf,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.
  Cra. I humbly thank your highneſs;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Moſt throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder: for, I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myſelf, poor man.
  Kin. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, ſtand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Yourſelf and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.
  Cra. Moſt dread liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth, and honeſty;

If they ſhall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my perſon ; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.
  Kin. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion: and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o'the queſtion carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? ſuch things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great ſize: Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own deſtruction.
  Cra. God, and your majeſty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is lay'd for me.
  Kin. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning ſee
You do appear before them: if they ſhall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe, and with what vehemency
The occaſion ſhall inſtruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this † ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us

7 Enemies are many

There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſt mother!
I ſwear, he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. — He has ſtrangl'd
His language in his tears. [*Exit* CRANMER.

Gen. [*within*] Come back; What mean you?

Enter old Lady, LOVEL *following*.

o. L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. — Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!

Kin. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

o. L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy; The God of heaven
Both now and ever bleſs her! 'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Deſires your viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

Kin. *Lovel*,—

Lov. Sir.

Kin. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit* King.

o L. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exeunt*.

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31 unſay't: and now

SCENE II. *The council-Chamber.*

Chair, under a State, for the King; *beneath,*
a Table: Chamber-keeper *attending. Servants*
at the Door without; *to which,*
Enter CRANMER.

CRA. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

Kee. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

CRA. Why?

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Kee. Your grace
Muſt wait 'till you be call'd for.

CRA. So.

BUT. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way ſo happily: The king
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

CRA. 'Tis *Butts*,
The king's phyſician; as he paſſ'd along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven, he found not my diſgrace! For certain,
This is of purpoſe lay'd, by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door; a fellow counſellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfil'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, *and* BUTTS, *at a Window above.*

BUT. I'll ſhew your grace the ſtrangeſt ſight,—

Kin. What's that, *Butts?*
But. I think, your highneſs ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body o' me, where is it?
But. There, † my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of *Canterbury*;
Who holds his ſtate at door, 'mongſt purſuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.
Kin. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed;
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
(At leaſt, good manners) as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordſhips' pleaſures,
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe;
We ſhall hear more anon. [*Curtain drawn.*

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord* Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWEL. *The Lord Chancellor places himſelf at the upper End of the Table on the left Hand, a Seat being left void above him as for the Arch-biſhop of* Canterbury; *the reſt ſeat themſelves in Order on each Side;* Cromwel *at lower End, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. ſecretary;
Why are we met in council?
Cro. Pleaſe your honours,
The chiefeſt cauſe concerns his grace of *Canterbury*.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Cro. Yes.

30 chiefe

NOR. Who waits there?
Kee. Without, my noble lords?
GAR. Yes.
Kee. My lord arch-biſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Kee. Your grace may enter now.
Cranmer *approaches the Council Table.*
Chan. My good lord arch-biſhop, I am very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That † chair ſtand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our fleſh; few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little,
Toward the king firſt, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains',
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are hereſies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
GAR. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs, and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewel all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, and a general taint
Of the whole ſtate: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper *Germany*, can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pity'd in our memories.

Cra. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my lords)
A man, that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
Both in his private conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. [ment,
Gar. My lord, because we have buſineſs of more mo-
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his highneſs' pleasure,
And our conſent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the tower;
Where being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cra. Ah, my good lord of *Wincheſter*, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful: I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekneſs, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modeſt.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Cro. My lord of *Wincheſter*, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good Mr. ſecretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.
Cro. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? ye are not ſound.
Cro. Not ſound?
Gar. Not ſound, I ſay.
Cro. 'Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Men's prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gar. I ſhall remember this bold language.
Cro. Do:
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for ſhame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Cro. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the tower a priſoner;
There to remain, 'till the king's further pleaſure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
all. We are.
Cra. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to the tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You're ſtrangely troubleſome:—
Let ſome o'the guard be ready there.
Cra. For me?

Enter Guard.

Muſt I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i' the tower.
Cra. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that † ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the king my maſter.
Cha. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cha. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Cro. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales, and informations,
Againſt this man, (whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.
Enter King, *frowning on them*; *takes his Seat.*
Gar. Dread ſovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.
Kin. You were ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatteries now, and in my preſence;
They are too thin and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach: You play the ſpaniel,
And think with waging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I am ſure,
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, ſit down. Now let me ſee the proudeſt
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your grace,—
Kin. No, ſir, it does not pleaſe me.
I had thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)

---

17 flattery 26 his place

This honeſt man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counſellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye mean;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My moſt dread ſovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am ſure, in me.
Kin. Well, well, my lords, reſpect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it:
I will ſay thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholding to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for ſhame, my lords.—My lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You muſt be godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cra. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?
Kin. Come, come, my lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons:
you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you; the old dutcheſs of *Norfolk*,

And lady marquiſs *Dorſet*; Will theſe pleaſe you? —
Once more, my lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you,
Embrace, and love, this man.
GAR. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.
CRA. And let heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this confirmation.
Kin. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart.
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus, *Do my lord of* Canterbury
A ſhrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever. —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. *Court of the Palace.*
Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter, *and his* Man.

Por. You'll leave your noiſe
Anon, ye raſcals: Do you take the court
For *Paris*-garden? ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.
within. Good Mr. porter, I belong to the larder.
Por. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue:
Is this a place to roar in? —
Fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones;
Theſe are but ſwitches to 'em. —
I'll ſcratch your heads: You muſt be ſeeing chriſtnings?
Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?
Man. Pray, ſir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
(Unleſs we ſweep 'em from the door with cannons)
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep

22 Pariſh Garden

On *May*-day morning, which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Paul*'s, as ſtir 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot
(You ſee † the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, ſir.
Por. You did nothing, ſir.
Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor ſir *Guy*, nor *Colbrand*,
To mow 'em down before me: but, if I ſpar'd
Any, that had a head to hit, either young
Or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to ſee a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.
within. Do you hear, Mr. porter?
Por. I ſhall be with you preſently,
Good Mr. puppy.—Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.
Man. What would you have me do?
Por. What ſhould you do,
But knock 'em down by the dozens?—Is this *Moreſields*,
To muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian*, [us?
Wi'the great tool, come to court, the women ſo beſiege
Bleſs me,
What a fry of fornication is at door!
O'my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtning will
Beget a thouſand; here will be father, godfather,
And all together.
Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, ſir.
There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door,
He ſhould be a brazier by his face,
For, o'my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days
Now reign in his noſe; all that ſtand about him are

Under the line, they need no other penance:
That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head,
And three times was his noſe diſcharg'd againſt me;
He ſtands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.
There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit
Near him, that rail'd upon me,
'Till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,
For kindling ſuch combuſtion in the ſtate:
I miſſ'd the meteor once, and hit that woman,
Who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might ſee from far
Some forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour,
Which were the hope o'the *Strand* where ſhe was quarter'd:
They fell on, I made good my place; at length
They came to the broom-ſtaff wi'me, I defy'd 'em ſtill;
When ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em,
Looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pebbles,
That I was fain to draw mine honour in,
And let 'em win the work:
The devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.
Por. These are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe,
And fight for bitten apples; that no audience,
But the ſweet tribulation of *Tower-hill*,
Or the limbs of *Lime-houſe*, their dear brothers, are
Able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo*
Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days;
Beſides the running banquet of two beadles,
That is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cha. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow ſtill too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows.

8 ſuch a com- 14 ſtaffe to me

There's a trim rabble let in· Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the ſuburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they paſs back from the chriſtning·
Por. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cha. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lye baiting of bombards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
They're come already from the chriſtening:
Go, break among the preaſe, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A *Marſhalſea*, ſhall hold you play these two months.
[*Exit* Chamberlain.
Por. Make way there for the princeſs.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.
Por. You i'the chamblet,
Get up o'the rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe.
[*Exeunt*, *forcing back the Croud*.

SCENE IV. *The ſame.*

Enter Trumpets, ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's Staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding Bowls for the chriſtning Gifts: then four Noblemen bearing* *a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle* &c. *Train born by a Lady: then follow the Marchioneſs* Dorſet, *the other Godmother, and Ladies. Troop halts, and* Garter *advances.*

Gar. Heaven, from thy endleſs goodneſs, ſend proſperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princeſs of *England, Elizabeth!*

Flouriſh. Enter King, *and Train.*

Cra. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myſelf, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious lady,
Heaven ever lay'd up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

Kin. Thank you, good lord arch-biſhop:
What is her name?

Cra. *Elizabeth.*

Kin. Stand up, lord.—
With this † kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cra. Amen!

Kin. My noble goſſips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; ſo ſhall this lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

Cra. Let me ſpeak, ſir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)

A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wiſdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure ſoul ſhall be: all princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubl'd on her: truth ſhall nurſe her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours:
God ſhall be truly known; and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect way of honour,
And by that claim their greatneſs, not by blood.
[Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
(When heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Who, from the ſacred aſhes of her honour,
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright ſun of heaven ſhall ſhine,
His honour, and the greatneſs of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: he ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

2 *Saba* 17 by thoſe

To all the plains about him: Our children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heaven.
Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.]
Cra. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of *England*,
An aged princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her; yet a virgin,
A pure unſpotted lilly ſhall ſhe paſs
To the ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.
Kin. O lord arch-biſhop,
Thou haſt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I ſhall desire
To ſee what this child does, and praise my maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords;—
Ye muſt all ſee the queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think
He has buſineſs at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay,
This little one ſhall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And ſleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; ſo, 'tis clear,

They'll ſay, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty;
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

CORIOLANUS.

Perſons repreſented.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman,
hated by the common People.
Cominius, } *Generals againſt the* Volcians,
Titus Lartius, } *and Friends to* Coriolanus.
Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and*
Junius Brutus, } *Enemies to* Coriolanus.
Boy, Son to Coriolanus.
Senators, two; Officers of the Senate, two; Citizens, ſix; Soldiers, three; a Patrician, Ædile, Herald, Officer, Spy, and eight Meſſengers, Romans.
Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volcians.
Senators of Corioli, *two; of* Antium, *three: Servants of* Aufidius, *three; Friends of the ſame, Conſpirators againſt* Marcius, *three; a Citizen of* Antium, *Officer, Soldier, Spy, and two Guards,* Volcians.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus:
Virgilia, *his Wife.*
Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman *Ladies, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,* &c.
Senators, and Citizens, Officers, Soldiers,
&c. Roman *and* Volcian.

Scene, diſperſ'd: in Rome, Antium, *and* Corioli; *and*
in the Roman *and* Volcian *Territories.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, *with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.*

1. *C.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me ſpeak.

all. Speak, ſpeak.

1. *C.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

all. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *C.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Marcius* is chief enemy to the people.

all. We know't, we know't.

1. *C.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

all. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *C.* One word, good citizens.

1. *C.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were

wholſome, we might gueſs they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them: — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2. *C.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Marcius?*

all. Againſt him firſt; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *C.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1. *C.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

all. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1. *C.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it partly to pleaſe his mother, and to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *C.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is covetous.

1. *C.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. — [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are theſe? The other ſide o'th' city is risen: Why ſtay we prating here? to th' capitol.

all. Come, come.

1. *C.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *C.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1. *C.* He's one honeſt enough; 'Would, all the reſt were ſo!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats, and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *C.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew them in deeds: They ſay, poor ſuiters have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

MEN. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

1. *C.* We cannot, ſir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong link aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o'the ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

1. *C.* Care for us! True, indeed they ne'er car'd for

us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtore-houses cram'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to ſupport usurers: repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich; and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the poor: If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you muſt
Confeſs yourſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it,
But, ſince it ſerves my purpose, I will venture
To ſtale't a little more.

1. *C.* Well, I'll hear it, ſir: yet you muſt not think to fob off our diſgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

MEN. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I'the midſt o'the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where the other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, devise, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd,—

1. *C.* Well, ſir,
What anſwer made the belly?

MEN. Sir, I ſhall tell you: With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the diſcontented members, the mutinous parts

---

12 ſcale't

That envy'd his receit; even ſo moſt fitly
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.
  1. *C.* Your belly's anſwer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they —
  MEN. What then ?—
'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks! —what then? what then?
  1. *C.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o'the body,—
  MEN. Well, what then?
  1. *C.* The former agents if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?
  MEN. I will tell you;
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
  1. *C.* You're long about it.
  MEN. Note me this, good friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his accusers, and thus anſwer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to the ſeat o'the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,

19 you'ſt

From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, this ſays the belly; mark me,—
1. *C.* Ay, ſir; well, well.
MEN. *Though all at once cannot*
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
1. *C.* It was an anſwer: How apply you this?
MEN. The ſenators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you ſhall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly?
1. *C.* I the great toe! Why the great toe?
MEN. For that, being one o'the loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wise rebellion, thou go'ſt foremoſt;
Thou, raſcal, that art firſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.
The one ſide muſt have bale.—Hail, noble *Marcius.*
MAR. Thanks.—What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourſelves ſcabs.
1. *C.* We have ever your good word.

22 art worſt 27 haile

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deserves greatneſs,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who desires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye! Truſt ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they ſay,
The city is well ſtor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They ſay?
They'll ſit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the capitol: who's like to rise,
And who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobl'd ſhoes. They ſay, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aſide their ruth,

28 Who thrives, And

And let me use my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
As I could pitch my lance.
Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded;
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?
Mar. They're dissolv'd: Hang 'em!
They ſaid, they were an-hungry; ſigh'd forth proverbs;—
That, hunger broke ſtone walls; that, dogs muſt eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods ſent not
Corn for the rich men only: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings; which being anſwer'd,
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
(To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
Men. What is granted them?
Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — S'death!
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city,
Ere ſo prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For inſurrection's arguing.
Men. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger, *haſtily*.
Meſ. Where's *Caius Marcius?*
Mar. Here: What's the matter?
Meſ. The news is, ſir, the *Volcians* are in arms.

3 picke 23 unroo'ſt

Mar. I am glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity: — See, our beſt elders.

Enter certain Senators, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Brutus, *and* Sicinius.

1. *S.* *Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volcians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *S.* Then, worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant. — *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus'* face:
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?

Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight wi' the other,
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.

Men. O, true bred!

1. *S.* Your company to the capitol; where, I know,
Our greateſt friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: —
Follow, *Cominius*; we muſt follow you;
Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble *Lartius!*

1. *S.* Hence, to your homes, [*to the* Cit.] be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow :
The *Volcians* have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. *and* Menenius ; Citizens *ſteal away*.

Sic. Was ever man ſo proud as is this *Marcius?*

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts!

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the gods:

Sic. Bemock the modeſt moon.

Bru. The preſent wars devour him! he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickl'd with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius.*

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In which already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out on *Marcius, O, if he*
Had born the buſineſs!

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Marcius*, ſhall

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[1] *Martius* 24 In whom

Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come:
Half all *Cominius'* honours are to *Marcius,*
Though *Marcius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcius* ſhall be honours, though, indeed,
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Corioli. *The Senate-Houſe.*
Enter certain Senators, *and* Aufidius.

1. *S.* So, your opinion is, *Aufidius,*
That they of *Rome* are enter'd in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
That could be brought to bodily act ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think
I have the letter here; yes, here † it is: [*reads.*
They have preſs'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for eaſt, or weſt: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,—
Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(Who is of Rome *worſe hated than of you)*
And Titus Lartius, *a moſt valiant* Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you;
Conſider of it.

1. *S.* Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almoſt, *Rome*
Should know we were afoot.
2. *S.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commiſſion ‡; hye you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*:
If they ſet down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O, doubt not that;
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.
all. The gods aſſiſt you!
Auf. And keep your honours ſafe!
1. *S.* Farewel.
2. *S.* Farewel.
all. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Rome. *A Room in* Marcius' *Houſe.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA: *They ſeat themſelves upon Stools, and ſow.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing; or expreſs yourſelf in a more comfortable ſort: If my ſon were my husband, I ſhould freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs pluck'd all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I,—conſidering how honour would become ſuch a perſon; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not ſtir,—was pleas'd to let him ſeek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I ſent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak: I tell thee, daughter,—I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he dy'd in the buſineſs, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely; Had I a dozen ſons,—each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good *Marcius*,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gen. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Vir. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Vol. Indeed, you ſhall not.
Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum;
I ſee him pluck *Aufidius* down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the *Volcians* ſhuning him:

30 heare hither

Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp † thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harveſtman, that's taſk'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! o, *Jupiter*, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breaſts of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords' contending.—Tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gen.

Vir. Heavens bleſs my lord from fell *Aufidius!*

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter VALERIA, *attended.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to ſee your ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What, are you ſowing here? A fine ſpot, in good faith.—How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your ladyſhip; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum,
Than look upon his ſchool-maſter.

Val. O my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I look'd upon him o' wedneſday half an hour together: h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it; o, I warrant, how he mamock'd it!

Vol. One of's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threſhold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourſelf moſt unreasonably: Come, you muſt go visit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope:* yet, they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes'* abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come; I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

VAL. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is:—The *Volcians* have an army forth; againſt whom *Cominius* the general is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power: your lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their city *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

VIR. Give me excuſe, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

VOL. Let her alone, lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but disease our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think ſhe would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good ſweet lady.—Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemnneſs out o'door, and go along with us.

VIR. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

VAL. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Trenches before* Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS, *Officers, Soldiers,* &c. *to them, a* Meſſenger.

MAR. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.
TIT. My horſe to yours, no.
MAR. 'Tis done.
TIT. Agreed.
MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy?
Meſ. They lye in view, but have not ſpoke as yet.
TIT. So, the good horſe is mine.
MAR. I'll buy him of you.
TIT. No, I'll nor ſell, nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye theſe armies?
Meſ. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.—
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! — Come, blow thy blaſt.—
They ſound a Parley. Enter, upon the Walls, ſome Senators, *and other* Volcians.
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1. *S.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums [*Alarums heard.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pin'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off; [*other Alarums.*
There is *Aufidius:* liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven army.
Mar. O, they are at it.
Tit. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. — Ladders, ho!
The Volcians *enter, and paſs over.*
Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city. —
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. — Advance, brave *Titus*:
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge. [*Exeunt, as to the Fight.*

Alarums. The Romans *are beat back. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you! Herds of boils and plagues
Plaſter you o'er; that you may be abhor'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile! You ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agu'd fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. The Fight renew'd. Enter, in Retire towards their City, the Volcians; MARCIUS, *and the* Romans, *preſſing them.*

Mar. So, now the gates are ope: — Now prove good ſeconds:
'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.
[*charges the flying Enemy: Enters the Gates with them*; *and is ſhut in.*

1. *R.* Fool-hardineſs; not I.
2. *R.* Nor I.
1. *R.* See, they have ſhut him in.
all. To the pot, I warrant him. [*Alarum continues.*

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Tit. What is become of *Marcius?*
all. Slain, ſir, doubtleſs.
1. *R.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

---

4 Rome: you Heard of

With them he enters: who, upon the ſudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

TIT. O noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, out-dares his ſenſeleſs ſword,
And, when it bows, ſtands up! Thou art left, *Marcius:*
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to *Cato*'s wiſh: not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1. *R.* Look, ſir.

TIT. O, 'tis *Marcius:*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

SCENE V. *Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, *with Spoils.*

1. *R.* This will I carry to *Rome.*

2. *R.* And I this.

3. *R.* A murrain on't! I took this for ſilver.

Enter MARCIUS, TITUS, *Officers*, &c. *and a Trumpet. Alarum afar off.*

MAR. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noiſe the general makes! To him:

5 ſenſibly 6 ſtand'ſt 9 *Calves*

There is the man of my ſoul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans:* Then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whil'ſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.

Tit. Worthy ſir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent for
A ſecond courſe of fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me: To *Aufidius* thus
I will appear, and fight.

Tit. Now the fair goddeſs, fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! Bold gentleman,
Proſperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no leſs
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! So, farewel.

Tit. Thou worthieſt *Marcius!*— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they ſhall know our mind: Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Near the Camp of* Cominius.

Enter, as in Retire, COMINIUS, *and his Forces.*

Com. Breath you, my friends; well fought: we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, ſirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtrook,
By interims, and conveying guſts, we have heard

The charges of our friends;—Ye *Roman* gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encount'ring,
Enter a Meſſenger.
May give you thankful ſacrifice!—Thy news?
Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſu'd,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcius* battle:
I ſaw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeak'ſt true,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volcians*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, ſir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.
Enter MARCIUS.
Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of *Marcius*; and I have
Before-time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of *Marcius*' tongue
From every meaner man's.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantl'd in your own.
Mar. O, let me clip you,

In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*
Mar. As with a man buſy'd about decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile;
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why ceaſe you 'till you are ſo?
Com *Marcius*,
We have at diſadvantage fought; and did
Retire, to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lyes their battle? Know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſs, *Marcius*,
Their bands i'the vaward are the *Antiates*,
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have ſhed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates:*
And that you not delay the preſent; but,
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms apply'd to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of those
That beſt can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That are moſt willing:—If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſſer his perſon than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf;
Let him, alone, or many, if ſo minded,
Wave thus †, to expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Marcius*.
[*They all ſhout, and wave their Swords; take him up in their Arms, and caſt up their Caps.*
O me, alone!—Make you a ſword of me?
If these ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volcians?* None of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Though thanks to all) muſt I ſelect; the reſt
Shall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,

18 Leſſen 21 Or ſo many ſo 31 ſelect from all:|The reſt

As cauſe will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Drums. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Gates of* Corioli.

Titus Lartius, *having ſet a Guard upon* Corioli, *going with Drum and Trumpet toward* Cominius, *and* Caius Marcius, *Enters with an* Officer *of the Guard, his own Party, and a Scout.*

Tit. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Those centuries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.
Off. Fear not our care, ſir.
Tit. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come, to the *Roman* camp conduct us. [*Ex.*

SCENE VIII. *Field of Battle,*

between the Roman *and* Volcian *Camps. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd: Enter, from opposite Sides,* Marcius, *and* Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not *Africk* holds a ſerpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Marcius*,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within theſe three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli'* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſee'ſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the higheſt.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your brag'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here.—

[*They fight*; *and certain* Volcians *come to the Aid of* Aufidius.

Officious, and not valiant, you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* Marcius. *Alarum. Retreat.*

SCENE IX. *The* Roman *Camp.*

Flouriſh. Enter, from oppoſite Sides, Cominius, *and* Romans; Marcius, *with his Arm in a Scarf, and other* Romans.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;
Where great patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fuſty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay, againſt their hearts, *We thank the gods,*
Our Rome *hath ſuch a ſoldier!*
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS, *and Power, from the Purſuit.*

TIT. O general,
Here is the ſteed, we the caparifons!
Had'ſt thou beheld—

MAR. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When ſhe does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can: induc'd,
As you have alſo been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

COM. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deserving; *Rome* muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the ſpire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: Therefore, I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

MAR. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remember'd.

COM. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore) of all
The treasure, in this field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your own choice.

MAR. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take

30 your only choyſe

A bribe, to pay my ſword: I do refuse it;
And ſtand upon my common part with those
That have upheld the doing.
[*A long Flouriſh. They all cry*, Marcius, Marcius! *caſt up their Caps, and Launces:* Cominius, *and* Titus Lartius, *ſtand bare.*
May these ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more! When drums and trumpets ſhall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let hymns be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I ſay:
For that I have not waſh'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many elſe have done,—you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little ſhould be dieted
With praises ſauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modeſt are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incenſ'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason ſafely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the hoſt,—
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.— Bear the addition nobly ever!
[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.*

3 beheld 11 Let him be 31 *Marcus Caius*

all. *Caius Marcius Coriolanus!*
Mar. I will go waſh;
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to ſtride your ſteed; and, at all times,
To undercreſt your good addition,
To the fairneſs of my power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs.—You, *Titus Lartius*,
Muſt to *Corioli* back: ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Tit. I ſhall, my lord.
Mar. The gods begin to mock me: I, that but now
Refus'd moſt princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take't; 'tis yours: What is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay, here in *Corioli*,
At a moſt poor man's houſe; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I ſaw him priſoner;
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.
Com. O, well beg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free, as is the wind:—Deliver him, *Titus*.
Tit. *Marcius*, his name?
Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent:

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[1] *Marcus Caius*

he blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
t ſhould be look'd to : come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The* Volcian *Camp.*

A Flouriſh. Cornets. Enter AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en.
1. *S.* 'Twill be deliver'd back
n good condition.
Auf. Condition!—
would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
eing a *Volce*, be that I am.—Condition!
hat good condition can a treaty find
the part that is at mercy?—Five times, *Marcius*,
have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me;
nd would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
s often as we eat.—By the elements,
f e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
e's mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
ath not that honour in't, it had; for where
thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
rue ſword to ſword, I'll potch at him ſome way;
r wrath, or craft, may get him.
1. *S.* He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: My valour's poiſon'd
ith only ſuffering ſtain by him; for him
hall fly out of itſelf: nor ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
eing naked, ſick; nor fane, nor capitol,
he prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
mbankments all of fury, ſhall lift up
heir rotten priviledge and cuſtom 'gainſt
y hate to *Marcius*: where I find him, were it

30 Embarquements

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for *Rome*.

1. *S*. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove:
I pray you,
('Tis ſouth the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

1. *S*. I ſhall, ſir. [*Exeunt*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter Menenius, Brutus, *and* Sicinius.

Men. The augurer tells me, we ſhall have news to
night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, fo
they love not *Marcius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeiar
would the noble *Marcius*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. Yo
two are old men; tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you

Tri. Well, ſir.

Men. In what enormity is *Marcius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſt.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know how you are cenſured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file, do you?

Tri. Why, how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Tri. Well, well, ſir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo. You blame *Marcius* for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! o, that you could!

Tri. What then, ſir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, (alias, fools) as any in *Rome*.

Sic. *Menenius*, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of al-

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1 poore in,

laying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath: Meeting two ſuch weal's-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes)* if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot ſay, your worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables: and though I muſt be content to bear with those, that ſay, you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces: If you ſee this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, ſir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller; and then rejourn the controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more entangl'd by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the capitol.

MEN Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are. When you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the waging of your beards; and your beards deserve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be entomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, *Marcius* is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worſhips: more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of the beaſtly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter, haſtily, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
VALERIA, *and a great Crowd of People:*
Tribunes join the Crowd.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

VOL. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcius* approaches: for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

MEN. Ha! *Marcius* coming home?

VOL. Ay, worthy *Menenius*; and with moſt proſperous approbation.

MEN. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee:—Ho, *Marcius* coming home!

VIR. VAL. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's † a letter from him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another, and, I think, there's one at home for you.

[12] God den

MEN. I will make my very houſe reel to-night: — A letter for me?

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I ſaw it.

MEN. A letter for me? — It gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the moſt ſovereign preſcription in *Galen* is but emperic, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horſe-drench: — Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much: — Brings a' victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

VOL. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he diſciplin'd *Aufidius* ſoundly?

VOL. *Titus Lartius* writes, — they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I warrant him that: an' he had ſtay'd by him, I would not have been ſo*fidius'd*, for all the cheſts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. — Is the ſenate posseſs'd of this?

VOL. Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the ſenate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True? pow, wow.

MEN. True? I'll be ſworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? God ſave your good worſhips! [*to the Tribunes*] *Marcius* is coming home: he has more cauſe to be proud: —Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the ſhoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place: He received, in the repulſe of *Tarquin*, ſeven hurts i'the body.

Men One i'the neck, and two i'the thigh,—There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty ſeven: every gaſh was an enemy's grave: [*Shout, and Flouriſh, within.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the uſhers of *Marcius:* before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lye;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. *Trumpets.*

Enter Cominius *the General, and* T. Lartius; *between them,* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken Garland*; *with Captains, and Soldiers, and a* Herald.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcius* did fight
Within *Corioli'* gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Marcius*; these
In honour follows now, *Coriolanus:*—
Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus!*

Shout. *Flouriſh.*

all. Welcome to *Rome*, renown'd *Coriolanus!*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, ſir, your mother :—
Cor. O,
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up;
My gentle *Marcius*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is't, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But, o, thy wife—
Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O, my ſweet lady, [*to* Val.] pardon.
Vol. I know not where to turn;—O, welcome home;—
And welcome, general;—And your welcome all.
Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
A curſe begin at very root of's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee! You are three,
That *Rome* ſhould dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Yet welcome, warriors:
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and yours: [*to his Wife, and Mother.*

Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good patricians muſt be viſited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.
Vol. I have liv'd
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting, which, I doubt not,
But our *Rome* will caſt upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the capitol. [*Flouriſh. Ex. in State, as before. Tribunes come forward.*
Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacl'd to ſee him: Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: ſtalks, bulks, windows
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horſ'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamens
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damaſk, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus*' burning kiſſes: ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever god, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful action.
Sic. On the ſudden,

I warrant him conſul.
  Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.
  Sic. He cannot temperately tranſport his honours
From where he ſhould begin, and end; but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.
  Bru. In that there's comfort.
  Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give them, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.
  Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for conſul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor, ſhewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their ſtinking breaths.
  Sic. 'Tis right.
  Bru. It was his word: O, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit of the gentry,
And the deſire of the nobles.
  Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.
  Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.
  Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills,
A ſure deſtruction.
  Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,—
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred

He ſtill hath held them; that, to his power, he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.
Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be as fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Meſ. You are ſent for to the capitol; 'tis thought,
That *Marcius* ſhall be conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the nobles bended,
As to *Jove*'s ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower, and thunder, with their caps, and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.
Bru. Let's to the capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. The Senate-Houſe.*

6 Provand 11 teach 13 be his fire

Enter two Officers, *laying Cuſhions.*

1. *O.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: How many ſtand for conſulſhips?

2. *O.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *O.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *O.* 'Faith, there have been many great men, that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition; and, out of his noble careleſſneſs, he lets them plainly ſee't.

1. *O.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite: Now, to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleasure of the people, is as bad as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *O.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his aſcent is not by ſuch easy degrees as theirs, who have been ſupple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report other-

26 as thoſe 27 who having beene 28 to have them

wiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *O.* No more of him; he's a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them,
CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *divers other* Senators, BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS: *Senators take their Seats; Tribunes theirs by themſelves.*

MEN. Having determin'd of the *Volcians*, and
To ſend for *Titus Lartius*, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present conſul, and laſt general
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*; whom
We are met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1. *S.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out.—Maſters o'the people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here.

SIC. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our aſſembly.

BRU. Which the rather

We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been ſilent: Please you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;
But tye him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak: — Nay, keep your place.
[*to* Cor. *who rises, and is going out.*
1. *S.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, ſir: yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people, —
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i'the ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters o'the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
(That's thouſand to one good one) when you now ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,

Than one of's ears to hear it?—Proceed, *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtl'd lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'the conſul's view
Slew three opposers; *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd beſt man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurch'd all ſwords o'the garland. For this laſt,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: He ſtopt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into ſport: as waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, death's ſtamp,
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o'the city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny; aidleſs came off,

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[1] Than on ones Eares [11] Shinne [27] ſtem ;

And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe: then ſtraight his doubl'd ſpirit
Re-quicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.
Men. Worthy man!
1. *S.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.
Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world: he covets leſs
Than miſery itſelf would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1. *S.* Call *Coriolanus.*
1. *O.* He doth appear.
Re-enter CORIOLANUS.
Men. The ſenate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains,
That you do ſpeak to the people.
Cor. I do beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that cuſtom; for I cannot

Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrage: please you,
That I may paſs this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Muſt have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: —
Pray you, go fit you to the cuſtom; and
Take to you, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them the unaking ſcars, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:

Men. Do not ſtand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; — and to our noble conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.

Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Senators.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. The Forum.*

Enter a Number of Citizens.

1. *C.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2. *C.* We may, ſir, if we will.

3. *C.* We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and ſpeak for them; ſo, if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1. *C.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us— the many-headed multitude.

3. *C.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald, but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way ſhould be at once to all the points o'the compaſs.

2. *C.* Think you ſo? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3. *C.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2. *C.* Why that way?

3. *C*. To loſe itſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *C*. You are never without your tricks: you may, you may.

3. *C*. Are you all reſolv'd to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man. Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

mark his behaviour: We are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and by three's: he's to make his requeſts by particulars; wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

all. Content, content. [*Exeunt* Citizens.

MEN. O, ſir, you are not right; Have you not known,
The worthieſt men have don't?

COR. What muſt I ſay?—
I pray, ſir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace:—Look, ſir; my wounds;
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums.

MEN. O me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by them.

MEN. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholſome manner. [*Exit* MENENIUS.

Enter two of the Citizens.

COR. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace:—
You know the cauſe, ſir, of my ſtanding here.

1. *C.* We do, ſir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

COR. Mine own deſert.

2. *C.* Your own deſert?

COR. Ay, not
Mine own deſire.

1. *C.* How! not your own deſire?

COR. No, ſir; 'twas never my deſire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1. *C.* You muſt think,
If we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o'the conſulſhip?

1. *C.* The price is, ſir, to aſk it kindly.

COR. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you,
Which ſhall be yours in private. —Your good voice, ſir;
What ſay you?

2. *C.* You ſhall have it, worthy ſir. [beg'd:—

COR. A match, ſir:—There's in all two worthy voices
I have your alms; Adieu.

1. *C.* But this is ſomething odd.

2. *C.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.
[*Exeunt theſe:*

Enter two other Citizens.

COR. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

10 no mine

1. *C.* You have deſerv'd nobly of your country, and you have not deſerv'd nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma?

1. *C.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, ſir, flatter my ſworn brother the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, ſir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: Therefore, beſeech you, I may be conſul.

2. *C.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *C.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

1. 2. The gods give you joy, ſir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices!
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this wolfiſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob*, and *Dick*, that does appear,
Their needleſs voices? Cuſtom calls me to't:
What cuſtom wills, in all things ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lye unſwept,

And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to over-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter other Citizens.

Here come more voices. —
Your voices: for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd; battles thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be conſul.

1. *C.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2. *C.* Therefore let him be conſul: The gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people!

all. Amen, amen.—God ſave thee, noble conſul!

COR. Worthy voices! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Enter MENENIUS, BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

MEN. You have ſtood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate.

COR. Is this done?

SIC. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

COR. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

SIC. There, *Coriolanus.*

COR. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, ſir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do; and, knowing myſelf again,
Repair to the ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, *and* MENENIUS.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you diſmiſs the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1. *C.* He has our voices, ſir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2. *C.* Amen, ſir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he beg'd our voices.

3. *C.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1. *C.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2. *C.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

all. No, no man ſaw them.

3. *C.* He ſaid, he had wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be conſul, ſays he: *aged cuſtom,*
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was, *I thank you for your voices, thank you,*
Your moſt ſweet voices: now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ever ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and ſway o'the ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the *Plebeii*, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves: You ſhould have ſaid,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-adviſ'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to ought; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And paſſ'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?
Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the aſker? and, now again,
On him, that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your tongues unſu'd-for?
3. *C.* He is not confirm'd,
We may deny him yet.
2. *C.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.
1. *C.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.
Bru. Get you hence inſtantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a conſul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.
Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And, on a ſafer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

10 of him 11 your ſu'd-for Tongues 31 Which moſt gi-

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,
(No impediment between) but that you muſt
Caſt your election on him.
Sic. Say, you choſe him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections: and that, your minds
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To voice him conſul: Lay the fault on us.
Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continu'd: and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe o'the *Marcii*; from whence came
That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who, after great *Hoſtilius*, here was king:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither;
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being cenſor,
Was his great anceſtor.
Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the capitol.

14 *Martians*

all. We will ſo: almoſt all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay, paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o'the people;
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. *Tullus Aufidius* then had made new head?
Tit. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter composition.
Cor. So then the *Volcians* ſtand but as at firſt;
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*
Tit. On ſafe-guard he came to me; and did curſe
Againſt the *Volcians*, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Tit. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?
Tit. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.
Cor. At *Antium* lives he?
Tit. At *Antium.*
Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius, *and* Brutus.

Behold! theſe are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they do prank them in authority,
Againſt all noble ſufferance.
Sic. Paſs no further.
Cor. Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. *Cominius*, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1. *S.* Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incenſ'd againſt him:
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are theſe your herd?—
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,

And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? — What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility: —
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people, call'd them —
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be conſul? By yon' clouds,
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You ſhow too much of that,
For which the people ſtir: If you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a conſul,
Nor yoak with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This palt'ring

17 ſithence 19 *Com.* You

Becomes not *Rome*; nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, lay'd falſly
I'the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again.
Men. Not now, not now.
1. *S.* Not in this heat, ſir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons: —
For the mutable, rank-ſcented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themſelves: — I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plow'd for, ſow'd and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1. *S.* No more words, we beſeech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, againſt those meazels,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o'the people,
As if you were a god to puniſh, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?

10 Meynie,

Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That ſhall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. *Shall!*—
O good, but moſt unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckleſs ſenators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monſter, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If they have power,
Let them have cuſhions by you; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Then vail your ignorance. You are plebeians,
If they be ſenators: and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They choose their magiſtrate;
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the conſuls baſe: and my ſoul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take

12 O God! 18 If he have v. *Note*,

The one by the other.

Com. Well, on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o'the ſtore-houſe gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in *Greece*,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abſolute power)
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate:

Bru. Why, ſhall the people give
One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'er did ſervice for't: Being preſſ'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deserve corn gratis: Being in the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this bosom multiply'd digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? Let deeds expreſs
What's like to be their words: *We did requeſt it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands: Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time
Break ope the locks o'the ſenate, and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-meaſure.
Cor. No, take more:
What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withall! This double worſhip,—
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable ſlightneſs: purpoſe ſo bar'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe: Therefore, beſeech you,—
You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;
That love the fundamental part of ſtate,
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſic,
That's ſure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon: Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become't;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul't.
Bru. He has ſaid enough.
Sic. He has ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'er-whelm thee!—
What ſhould the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,

7 Whereon part 18 To jumpe a

When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'the duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon:

Sic. This a conſul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit* Brutus.] in whoſe name, myſelf
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.

Cor. Hence, old goat.

all. We'll ſurety him.

Com. My aged ſir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, *with* Ædiles, *and a whole Rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

2. *S.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*they all buſtle about* Coriolanus.

1. S. Tribunes, patricians, citizens! what ho!
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, citizens!

all. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near; I cannot ſpeak:—You, tribunes

18 Helpe ye Citizens

To the people, — *Coriolanus*, patience: —
Speak, good *Sicinius*.
Sic. Hear me, people; peace. [ſpeak.
Cit. Let's hear our tribune; peace: — Speak, ſpeak,
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; *Marcius*,
Whom late you choſe for conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1. *S*. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
Sen. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it: — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of preſent death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him
Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.
Cit. Yield, *Marcius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, beſeech you,
Good tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very pois'nous
Where the diſeaſe is violent: — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here. [*drawing his Sword.*
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourſelves what you have ſeen me.
Men. Down with that ſword; — Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help, help *Marcius!* help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*A great Mutiny:* Tribunes, Ædiles, *and* People *are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
Com. Get you gone.
2. *S.* Stand faſt;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1. *S.* The gods forbid!
I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy houſe;
Leave us to cure this cauſe.
Men. For 'tis a ſore,
You cannot tent yourſelf: Be gone, beſeech you.

22 to our 24 v. *Note.* 31 Sore upon us.

Com. Come, ſir, along with us.
Men. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans*, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i'the porch o'the capitol.)—Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myſelf
Take up a brace o'the beſt; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Cor. Com. *and Others.*
1. *P.* This man has mar'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*Noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work!
1. *P.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in *Tiber!* What the vengeance,

---

10 beſt of them, 18 trie whether my

Could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble, again.*

SIC. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

MEN. You worthy tribunes,—

SIC. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of the public power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1. *C.* He ſhall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He ſhall, ſure, out.

MEN Sirs,—

SIC. Peace.

MEN. Do not cry, havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes't, that you
Have holp to make this reſcue.

MEN. Hear me ſpeak:—
As I do know the conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults;

SIC. Conſul! what conſul?

MEN. The conſul *Coriolanus.*

BRU. He the conſul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,

Than ſo much loſs of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to diſpatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerving children is enrol'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a diſeaſe, that muſt be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſy.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath loſt,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he drop'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.
Bru. Meerly awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was; —
Bru. We'll hear no more: —
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

10 deſerved 17 Enemies, the

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcan'd ſwiftneſs, will, too late,
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs ;
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans.*
Bru. If it were ſo?
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
Our ædiles ſmot? ourſelves reſiſted?—Come:
Men. Conſider this;—He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill ſchool'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.
1. *S.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius,*
Be you then as the people's officer:—
Maſters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Marcius,* we'll proceed
In our firſt way.
Men. I'll bring him to you:—Let me
Desire your company: He muſt come, or what
Is worſt will follow.

15 him in peace,

1. *S.* Pray you, let us to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Hall in* Coriolanus'*s Houſe.*
Enter CORIOLANUS, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of peace, or war:—I talk of you;
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my nature? Rather ſay, I play
Nobly the man I am.

Vol. O, ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Why, let it go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo: Leſſer had been
The thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.
Enter Menenius, *and* Senators.
Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething too rough;
You muſt return, and mend it.
1. *S.* There's no remedy;
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.
Vol. Pray, be counſel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours;
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physick
For the whole ſtate, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Cor. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Cor. For them? I cannot do it to the gods;
Muſt I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too abſolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tuſh, tuſh!

14 to'th' heart,

Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, (which, for your beſt ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because,
That now it lies on you to ſpeak to the people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with ſuch words,
That are but rooted in your tongue, but baſtards,
Of no alliance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your ſon, these ſenators, the nobles;
And you will rather ſhew our general louts
How you can frown, then ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafe-guard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.
Vol. I pry'thee now, my ſon,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;

14 allowance

And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here † be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones, (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
And often, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, ſay to them,—
Thou art their ſoldier, and, being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which, thou doſt confeſs,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyſelf, forſooth, hereafter theirs, ſo far
As thou haſt power, and perſon.
Men. This but done,
Even as ſhe ſpeaks it, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free
As words to little purpoſe.
Vol. Pry'thee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is *Cominius*.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, ſir, 'tis fit
You make ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence; all's in anger.
Men. Only fair ſpeech:
Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Vol. He muſt, and will:—
Pry'thee now, ſay, you will, and go about it. [I,
Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarb'd ſconce? Muſt
With my baſe tongue, give to my noble heart

5 Which often

A lie, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this ſingle plot to loſe,
This mould of *Marcius*, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. —To the market-place:—
You have put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I pry'thee now, ſweet ſon; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praises made thee firſt a ſoldier, ſo,
To have my praise for this, perform a part -
Thou haſt not done before.
Cor. Well, I muſt do't:—
Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some harlot's ſpirit: My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls aſleep: The ſmiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and ſchool-boy's tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight: A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my ſtirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms:—I will not do't;
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.
Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt.
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me;

17 lull

But own thy pride thyſelf.
Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return conſul;
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do,
I'the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourſelf
To anſwer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.
Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuſe me by invention, I
Will anſwer in mine honour.
Men. Ay, but mildly.
Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly: [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. The* Forum.

Enter Sicinius, *and* Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the ſpoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er diſtributed.—
Enter an Ædile.
What, will he come?
Ædi. He's coming.
Bru. How accompany'd?
Ædi. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe ſenators

That always favour'd him.
Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?
Ædi. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you
Collected them by tribes?
Ædi. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they hear me ſay, *It ſhall be ſo,*
I'the right and ſtrength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment, then let them,
If I ſay, fine, cry, *fine*, if, death, cry, *death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative,
And power i'the truth o'the cauſe.
Ædi. I ſhall inform them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.
Ædi. Very well.
Sic. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go, about it.— [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler ſtraight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his 'worth
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.
Sic. Well, here he comes.
Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,

Senators, *and* Patricians.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ay, as an oſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep *Rome* in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1. *S.* Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wiſh.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ædi. Liſt to your tribunes; audience:
Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Tri. Well, ſay:—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i'the holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,

7 Through our

You find him like a ſoldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds;
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more. [*To* Cor.
Cor. I will:—What is the matter,
That being paſt for conſul with full voice,
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i'the loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would ſay,
Thou ly'ſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
Cit. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace.
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Opposing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him; even this,

2 actions

So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,
Deſerves the extreameſt death:
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome*,—
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
The promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know,
I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people, ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at laſt
Given hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; In the name o'the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this inſtant, baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome* gates: I'the people's name,
I ſay, It ſhall be ſo.
Cit. It ſhall be ſo,

It ſhall be ſo; let him away; he's baniſh'd,
And it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends:
Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeak:
I have been conſul, and can ſhew from *Rome*
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's encreaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that I know,—
Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It ſhall be ſo.
Cit. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whoſe breath I hate
As reek o'the rotten fens, whoſe loves I prize
As the dead carcaſſes of unbury'd men
That do corrupt my air, I baniſh you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! Have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders; 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making not reſervation of yourſelves;
Still your own foes) deliver you, as moſt
Abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:

28 Making but

There is a world elſewhere. [*Exit* CORIOLANUS:
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Sen. *and* Pat. *follow.*
Ædi. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit. Our enemy is baniſh'd! he is gone!
[*they all ſhout, and throw up their Caps.*
Sic. Go, ſee him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight;
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come, let's ſee him out at gates, come:—
The gods preſerve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The ſame. The City Gate.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To ſay, extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating; fortune's blows
When moſt ſtrook home, being gently wounded craves
A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that con'd them.
Vir. O heavens! o heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—
Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome,*

26 gentle

And occupations periſh!
Cor. What, what, what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat. — *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife, my mother;
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes — My ſometime general,
I have ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning ſpectacles; tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot well,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen) your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My firſt ſon,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while: Determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance
That ſtarts i'the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee: ſo, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;

---

25 expoſture

And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou haſt years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill; and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Street, leading from the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we ſee, have ſided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.

Bru. Diſmiſs them home. [*Exit Ædile.*

Here comes his mother.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

SIC. Let's not meet her.

BRU. Why?

SIC. They ſay, ſhe's mad.

BRU. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way. [gods

VOL. O, you're well met: The hoorded plague o'the
Requite your love!

MEN. Peace, peace, be not ſo loud.

VOL. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear;
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?

VIR. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my husband.

SIC. Are you man-kind?

VOL. Ay, fool; Is that a ſhame?—Note but this fool.—
Was not a man my father? Hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtrook more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words?

SIC. O bleſſed heavens!

VOL. More noble blows, than ever thou wiſe words;
And for *Rome*'s good. I'll tell thee what;—Yet go;—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too:—I would my ſon
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand:

SIC. What then?

VIR. What then?
He'd make an end of thy poſterity:

VOL. Baſtards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*

MEN. Come, come, peace.

SIC. I would he had continu'd to his country,

As he began; and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſ'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those myſteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, ſir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed· Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in *Rome*; ſo far, my ſon,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay we to be baited,
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.— [*Ex.* Tribunes.
I would the gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Volcian *Territories. A Highway.*

Enter a Roman, *and a* Volcian, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, ſir, and you know me: your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is ſo, ſir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*; and my ſervices are, as you are, againſt 'em: Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor?* No.

Rom. The ſame, ſir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I laſt ſaw you; but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome?* I have a note from the *Volcian* ſtate, to find you out there: You have well ſaved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the people againſt the ſenators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo; they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, The fitteſt time to corrupt a man's wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her huſband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great oppoſer

Coriolanus being now in no requeſt of his country.

Vol. He cannot chooſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall, between this and ſupper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one: the centurions, and their charges, diſtinctly billeted already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, ſir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, ſir; I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Antium. *Before* Aufidius'*s Houſe.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel,*
diſguis'd, and muff'd.

COR. A goodly city is this *Antium:* City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Leſt that thy wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
Enter a Citizen.
In puny battle ſlay me. — Save you, ſir.

Cit. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and feaſts the nobles of the ſtate

At his houſe this night.
Cor. Which is his houſe, 'beſeech you.
Cit. This, here, before you.
Cor. Thank you, ſir; farewel. [*Exit* Citizen.
O, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whose double bosoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are ſtill together, who twin (as 'twere) in love,
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity: So, felleſt foes,
Whose paſſions and whose plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends
And interjoin their iſſues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town: — I'll enter: if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Hall in* Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *S.* Wine, wine, wine! What ſervice is here! I think our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2. *S.* Where's *Cotus?* my maſter calls for him: — *Cotus!* [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe: The feaſt ſmells well: but I
Appear not like a gueſt. [*goes toward the Hearth.*

Re-enter firſt Servant, *with Wine.*

1. *S.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?

16 have I

Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment,
In being *Coriolanus.*

Re-enter ſecond Servant.

2. *S.* Whence are you, ſir? — Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? — Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away.

2. *S.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſome.

2. *S.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon. [*going.*

Enter a third Servant.

3. *S.* What fellow's this?

2. *S.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'the houſe: Pr'ythee, call my maſter to him.

3. *S.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3. *S.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *S.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, ſo I am.

3. *S.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go,
And batten on cold bits. [*puſhing him away.*

3. *S.* What, you will not? — Pr'ythee, tell my maſter what a ſtrange gueſt he has here.

2. *S.* And I ſhall. [*Exit.*

3. *S.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *S.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *S.* Where's that?

Cor. I'the city of kites and crows.

3. *S.* I'the city of kites and crows?—What an aſs it is!—Then thou dwell'ſt with daws too?

Cor. No, I ſerve not thy maſter.

3. *S.* How, ſir! Do you meddle with my maſter?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy miſtreſs:
Thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher, hence.
[*beating him away.*

Enter Aufidius, *and ſecond* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. *S.* Here, ſir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? and what wouldeſt thou?
Thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus,* [*unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'ſt me, and, ſeeing me, doſt not take me
To be the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmuſical to the *Volcians'* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'ſt thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; Thy name?

22 for the

Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My ſurname, *Coriolanus:* The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs country, are requited
But with that ſurname; a good memory
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt bear me, only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by the voice of ſlaves to be
Whoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world
I'd have avoided thee: but in meer ſpite,
To be full quit of thoſe my baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my misery ſerve thy turn; ſo use it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:

18 I would have voided

Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.
Auf. O *Marcius*, *Marcius*,
Each word thou haſt ſpoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon' cloud ſpeak divine things, and ſay,
'Tis true, I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble *Marcius*. O, let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my ſword; and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd, never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe mine arm for't: Thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me;
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that

---

32 no other quarrell

Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly ſenators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd againſt your territories,
Though not for *Rome* itſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways:
Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in;
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say, *yea*, to your deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, *Marcius*, that was much. Your hand: Moſt welcome.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, *and* AUFIDIUS.

3. *S*. [*advancing*] Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2. *S*. By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrooken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his cloaths made a falſe report of him.

3. *S*. What an arm he has! He turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2. *S*. Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him: He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

3. *S*. He had ſo; looking, as it were,—'Would I were

hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2. *S.* So did I, I'll be ſworn: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'the world.

3. *S.* I think, he is: but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2. *S.* Who? my maſter?

3. *S.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2. *S.* Worth ſix of him.

3. *S.* Nay, not ſo, neither: but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2. *S.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

3. *S.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Re-enter firſt Servant.

1. *S.* O, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

2. 3. What, what, what? let's partake.

1. *S.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lief be a condemn'd man.

2. 3. Wherefore, wherefore?

1. *S.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, *Caius Marcius*.

3. *S.* Why do you ſay, thwack our general?

1. *S.* I do not ſay, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *S.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

3. *S.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *S.* An he had been canibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

32 boyl'd.

3. *S.* But, more of thy news?

1. *S.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to *Mars:* ſet at upper end o'the table: no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the ſenators, but they ſtand bald before him: Our general himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him; ſanctifies himſelf with's hand, and turns up the white o'the eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome* gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2. *S.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

1. *S.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, ſir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, ſir, (as it were) durſt not (look you, ſir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

3. *S.* Directitude! what's that?

1. *S.* But when they ſhall ſee, ſir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

3. *S.* But when goes this forward?

1. *S.* To-morrow, to-day, preſently; you ſhall have the drum ſtrook up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *S.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again. This peace is good for nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

3. *S.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible,

and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd, deaf, aſleep, inſenſible; a getter of more baſtard children, than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2. *S*. 'Tis ſo: and as war, in ſome ſort, may be ſaid to be a raviſher; ſo it cannot be deny'd, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

3. *S*. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

1. *S*. Reason; because they then leſs need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volcians*.—They are rising, they are rising.

2. 3. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VI. Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'the present peace
And quietneſs of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradesmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

BRU. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?
SIC. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind
Of late. — Hail, ſir.
Bru. Hail, ſir.
MEN. Hail to you both.
SIC. Your *Coriolanus*, ſir, is not much miſſ'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth ſtand;
And ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

2 ſleepe 4 warres

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporiz'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother, and his wife,
Hear nothing from him.
Enter three or four Citizens.
Cit. The gods preſerve you both!
Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1. *C.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wiſh'd *Coriolanus*
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!
Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying, Confuſion.
Bru. *Caius Marcius* was
A worthy officer i'the war; but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving,—
Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.
Men. Nay, I think not ſo.
Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth conſul, found it ſo.
Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.
Enter Ædile.
Ædi. Worthy tribunes,

27 We ſhould by

There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports, — the *Volcians* with two ſeveral powers
Are enter'd in the *Roman* territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.
Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcius*' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inſhell'd, when *Marcius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.
Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcius?*
Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whip'd. — It cannot be,
The *Volcians* dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sic. Tell not me;
I know, this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The nobles, in great earneſtneſs, are going
All to the ſenate-houſe: ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.
Sic. 'Tis this ſlave; —
Go, whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raiſing;
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes, worthy ſir,

16 hath beene 27 comming

The ſlave's report is ſeconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know) that *Marcius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainſt *Rome*;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Marcius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely: he and *Aufidius* can
No more attone than violenteſt contraries.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the ſenate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes,—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?—

---

14 contrariety.

You have made fair work, I fear me: —Pray, your news?
If *Marcius* ſhould be join'd with *Volcians*,—
Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you, that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your ears:
Men. As *Hercules*
Did ſhake down mellow fruit: You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, ſir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale,
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſmilingly revolt; and, who resiſt,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: for his beſt friends, if they
Should ſay, *Be good to* Rome, they charg'd him even
As those ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

20 reſiſts

MEN. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, '*Beſeech you, ceaſe.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
COM. You have brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
MEN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.
COM. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius,*
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That *Rome* can make againſt them.
Enter a Troop of Citizens.
MEN. Here come the cluſters.—
And is *Aufidius* with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholeſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.
Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.
1. *C.* For mine own part,

When I ſaid, baniſh him, I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2. *C.* And ſo did I.

3. *C.* And ſo did I; and, to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us: That we did, we did for the beſt; and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. You're goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made you
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall's to the capitol?

Com. O, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt* Com. *and* Men.

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd;
These are a ſide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.

1. *C.* The gods be good to us! Come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i'the wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2. *C.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the capitol: 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. Roman *Territories.*

Enter, marching, Aufidius, *and a* Volcian *Officer: Forces at a Diſtance.*

Auf. Do they ſtill fly to the *Roman?*

Off. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;

And you are darken'd in this action, ſir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly,
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would,
When firſt I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I muſt excuse
What cannot be amended.
Off. Yet I wiſh, ſir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him: but either born
The action of yourſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.
Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him. Although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good husbandry for the *Volcian* ſtate;
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That, which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Off. But, ſir,
'Beſeech you, think you he will carry *Rome?*
Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down;
And the nobility of *Rome* are his:
The ſenators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome*

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12 either have borne 27 I beſeech

As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt he was
A noble ſervant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the diſposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the caſk to the cuſhion, but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb
As he controul'd the war: but, one of these
(As he hath ſpices of them all, not all,
For I dare ſo far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: But he has merit,
Though he choak it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lye in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Ex.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and Others.*

MEN. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,

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[1] Aſpray [15] ha's a Merit [16] To choake

Which was ſometime his general; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o'the fire
Of burning *Rome*.
Men. Why, ſo; you have made good work·
A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*
To make coals cheap: A noble memory·
Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a ſtate,
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well:
Could he ſay leſs?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noiſome, muſty chaff: He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe the offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of thoſe; his mother, wife, his child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon: We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.
Men. No, I'll not meddle.
Sic. I pray you, go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do,
For *Rome*, towards *Marcius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Marcius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard,—What then?—a diſcontented friend,
Grief-ſhot with his unkindneſs? Say't be ſo?
Sic. Say it be ſo; yet your good will, Menenius,
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake't:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,

---

17 then? But as a diſ-

And then I'll ſet upon him.
Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit* Menenius.
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sic. No?
Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, *Riſe*; diſmiſs'd me
Thus, † with his ſpeechleſs hand: What he would do,
He ſent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions.
So that all hope is vain;
Unleſs from his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear, mean to ſolicit him
For mercy to his country: Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An advanc'd Poſt of the* Volcian *Camp before* Rome. *Certain of the* Guard *upon Duty: Enter, to them,* Menenius.

1. *G.* Stay: Whence are you?
2. *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*
1. *G.* From whence?
Men. From *Rome.*

1. *G.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2. *G.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is, *Menenius.*

1. *G.* Be it ſo; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplify'd.
For I have ever verify'd my friends
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I have tumbl'd paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing: Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1. *G.* 'Faith, ſir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. *G.* Howſoever you have been his liar, (as you ſay, you have) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'ſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him 'till after dinner.

1. *G.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. *G.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsy'd interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotant as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with eſtimation.

1. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go, leſt I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmoſt of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, *and* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive that a *Jack* guardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*: gueſs, by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtand'ſt not i'the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering; behold now presently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does! O, my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; † this, who, like a block, hath deny'd my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In *Volcian* breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall prison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this ‡ along; I writ it for thy ſake,
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome:* yet thou behold'ſt:

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper.

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, *und* Aufidius.

1. *G.* Now, ſir, is your name *Menenius*.

2. *G.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: You know the way home again.

1. *G.* Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2. *G.* What cauſe, do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your general: for

16 poiſon

ſuch things as you, I ſcarce think there's any, you're ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worſt. For you, Be that you are, long; and your miſery increaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. [*Exit.*

1. *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. *G.* The worthy fellow is our general:
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tent of* Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and Others.*

COR. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow
Set down our hoſt.—My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the *Volcian* lords, how plainly
I ſtill have born this buſineſs.

AUF. Only their ends
You have reſpected; ſtopt your ears againſt
The general ſuit of *Rome*; never admitted
A private whiſper, no, not with ſuch friends
That thought them ſure of you.

COR. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome*,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Though I ſhew'd ſourly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Freſh embaſſies and ſuits,
Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to. [*Shout within.*] Ha! what ſhout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in neglected and mourning Habits,
VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA *leading in her Hand young*
Marcius, Valeria, *and other Ladies.*

My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection;
All bond and priviledge of nature, break:
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.—
What is that curt'ſy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forſworn? — I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others.— My mother bows;
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aſpéct of interceſſion, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*— Let the *Volcians*
Plough *Rome,* and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a gosling to obey inſtínct; but ſtand,
As if a man were author of himſelf,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome.*

Vir. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. — Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For that, *Forgive our* Romans. O, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiſs

I carry'd from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince. —You gods, I prate,
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth;
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.
Vol. O, ſtand up bleſt! [*raising him.*
Whilſt, with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Shew duty, as miſtaken all this while
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What's this? [*preventing her.*
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Publicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaſt as the iſicle,
That's curdl'd by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s temple: Dear *Valeria*!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all yourſelf.
Cor. The god of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleneſs; that thou may'ſt prove
To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i'the wars
Like a great-ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,

2 I pray 20 I hope to 23 curdied

And ſaving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to yóu.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The things I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s mechanicks: Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will aſk;
That, if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs: therefore hear us.
Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your requeſt?
[*ſeats himſelf.*
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We have led ſince thy exíle. Think with thyſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee
The ſon, the husband, and the father, tearing

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8 thing 19 if you faile

His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's moſt capital: thou bar'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we muſt lose
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win: for either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine: if I cannot perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He ſhall not tread on me;
I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee.
I have ſat too long. [*rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the *Romans*, thereby to deſtroy
The *Volcians* whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour: No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volcians*
May ſay, *This mercy we have ſhew'd*; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bleſt*
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain: but this certain,
That, if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dog'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ, *The man was noble,*
But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out;
Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains,
To the enſuing age, abhor'd. Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man,
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons.—There is no man i'the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i'the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen!) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,

18 five 21 change

Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To his ſurname *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end;
This is the laſt: So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. — Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volcian* to his mother;
His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
Like him by chance: — Yet give us our diſpatch:
I am huſh'd until our city be o' fire,
And then I'll ſpeak a little.
  COR. Mother, mother! [*holds her by the Hands: Silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. O, my mother, mother, o!
You have won a happy victory to *Rome:*
But, for your ſon, believe it, o, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. But, let it come: —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
If you were in my ſtead, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*
  AUF. I was mov'd with't.

16 and his 30 Were you 32 withall.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were:
And, ſir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good ſir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you: and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. "I am glad, thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour"
"At difference in thee: out of that I'll work"
"Myſelf a former fortune."

Cor. Ay, by and by; [*to* Vol.
But we will drink together; and you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us. — Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Menenius, *and* Sicinius.

Men. See you yon' coign o'the capitol; yon' corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub: This *Marcius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's m than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes: When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading: He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news; The ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Marcius* gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not the expulſion of the *Tarquins*.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?
Meſ. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you,
[*Noise within, of Shoutings, and loud Musick.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*,
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*Shout again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. [*Shout.*] Hark, how they joy!
Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.
Meſ. Sir, we have all
Great cauſe to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*going.*
Enter, in Proceſſion, the Ladies; with a great Preſs of Senators, *Patricians, and People.*
1. *S.* Behold our patroneſs, the life of *Rome:*
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires; ſtrew flowers before them:

Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd *Marcius*,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, Welcome, ladies, welcome!
all. Welcome, ladies, welcome! [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, *attended.*

Auf. Go tell the lords o'the city, I am here:
Deliver them this † paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuſe
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words: Diſpatch.— [*Exit Att.*

Enter certain Friends of Aufidius,
Conſpirators *againſt* Marcius.

Moſt welcome.
1. *C.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.
2. *C.* Moſt noble ſir,
If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.
3. *C.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable:
3. *C.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—
Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: 'till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.
1. *C.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvel'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carry'd *Rome*; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore ſhall he die,

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2 him, and I pawn'd 7 unſwayable, and free.

And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark.
[*Noiſe within, of Drums, Trumpets, and great Shoutings.*

1. *C.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2. *C.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *C.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City.*

Lor. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lor. We have.

1. *L.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with Drum and Colours;*

Crowd of Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſp'rouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome.* Our ſpoil, we have brought home,
Doth more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates*,
Than ſhame to the *Romans:* And we here † deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'the ſenate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcius.*

Cor. *Marcius!*

Auf. Ay, *Marcius, Caius Marcius*; Doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtoln name
Coriolanus in *Corioli?*—
You lords and heads o'the ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome*
(I ſay, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Council o'the war: but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;

[8] ſpoiles

That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.
Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars?*
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion,
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.
1. *L.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.
Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your *Volcians* in *Corioli:*
Alone I did it. Boy!
Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con. Let him die for't.
Cit. [*confuſedly.*] Tear him to pieces,—Do it preſently:—He kill'd my ſon,—My daughter;—He kill'd my couſin *Marcus*;—He kill'd my father.
2. *L.* Peace, ho; no outrage; peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth: His laſt offences to us

2 others 20 Flatter'd

Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With ſix *Aufidiuſes*, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!
Auf. Inſolent villain!
Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[Aufidius *and the Conſpirators draw, and kill* Marcius; *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*
Lor. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.
1. *L.* O *Tullus*,—
2. *L.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3. *L.* Tread not upon him.—Maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.
Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.
1. *L.* Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2. *L.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame.
Let's make the beſt of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.—Take him up:—

Help, three o'the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:—
Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.—
Aſſiſt. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* Marcius.
A dead March ſounded.

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